THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

VOL. IV. NO. 21. WHOLE NO. 133. | NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1865. | $3.00 A YEAR. 8 CTS. A NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL.

Lesson for Christmas. By the Editor.
On the Beauty and Necessity of Having Governors. By "Figaro."
Christmas Geese. By Holly.
Old Saws with New Readings. By "Armac."
My Love and I. A Poem by Mary Freeman Goldbeck.
On a Farm (In Jersey.") By Warren.
From But Not of Paris. A letter from "Jeannebert," Paris.
Dramatic Feuilleton. By C. B. S.
Minor Editorials, Jokes, etc. By "Figaro."

SELECTED

Three of a Trade; or, Red Little Kriss Kringle. By Fitz-James O'Brien. (From Harper's Monthly.)
The Poet's Grave. A Poem by T. B. Aldrich.
From Deborah Dunn's Letters in "The Boudoir."
The Pioneer Ball. By Mark Twain. (From the Virginian Enterprise.)
The Christmas Hymn I Heard. A Poem by Margaret Eytinge.
King Christmas. A Poem by Joseph Barber.
George Arnold. (From the Californian.)
To ——. A Poem by Mary De Vere.

MOCK-AUCTION IN BROOKLYN.

The Tribune having stated, on Monday last, that Mayor Wood of Brooklyn had purchased a lot of confiscated whiskey at an auction-sale in that city, the Mayor came out on Wednesday and denied the statement in the following notes:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL, BROOKLYN, Dec. 18, 1865.

In your paper of yesterday, it is announced, under Brooklyn news, that the Mayor of the city was the purchaser of a lot of confiscated whiskey. Please state, to correct misapprehension, that I was present on the occasion only as Collector of the Internal Revenue, to protect the interests of the government, and was not a purchaser of the whiskey. A few bids were offered by me solely with that view.

A. M. WOOD, Mayor.

We are not posted up in the commercial ethics of Brooklyn, but in New York a man—or even a mayor,—who should make bids at an auction-sale on goods in which he was interested, would be considered as doing a very irregular and reprehensible thing. Such things are done, to be sure, even in New York, but they are usually done at what are called "mock-auction" establishments, where we should hardly expect to find a Mayor among the abettors, even if his name happened to be Wood.

ROGER A. PRIOR, late of the Rebel army, has taken an office in this city to practice law. If any Southern city should present a prior claim to Roger, it will probably be granted without opposition.

Attending a charity dinner, may be described as eating yourself, to keep other people from starving.

A facetious friend (evidently having no poetry in his composition) sends us the following apt illustration of the shortness of the step from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the form of a running commentary and additions to a very pretty little sketch by T. B. A., from a late monthly, entitled:—

"AT BAY RIDGE, L. I."

"Pleasant it is, to lie amid the grass,"
(*Unless the dew be on, but let that pass;*)
"Under the shady locusts, half the day;"
(*Why half? All day were better I should say;*)
"Watching the ships reflected on the Bay;"—
(*And any other vessels that may go that way;*)
"Topmast and shroud, as in a wizard's glass."
(*With jib and bob-stay, and main-top-gallant-mast;*)
"To see the happy-hearted martins pass,"
(*And other birds belonging to that class;*)
"Brushing the dew-drops from the lilac-spray."
(*Dew-drops DO drop, but do the lilacs pray?*)
"Or else to hang enamored o'er some lay——"
(*Or lay enamored—hang it—either way;*)
"Of faery regions, or to muse, alas!"
(*Or [illegible] regions, as you please;*)
"On Dante's griefs, journeying outpent"—
(*On Topsy wicked, the girl that "wasn't born;"*)
"On pitiful Milton's sorrowfullest eyes"
(*Or Wellington's nose, of wonderfullest size;*)
"Shut from the splendors of the night and morn,"
(*As well as those of twilight, sunset, dawn;*)
"To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,"
(*The climax comes, be ready with your sighs;*)
"In such clear air as this, by Tiber's wave,"
(*In the land of the free, and the home of the brave;*)
"Daisies are trembling o'er Keat's grave."

A LATE SUTLER in the army called at our office, the other day, to solicit alms on the ground that he had sought the bubble reputation at the soldiers' mouth and lost everything he had in the world but his character. We were obliged to tell him that when he had lost that, too, he would be entitled to help—but not before.

The Canadians having got over their scare about the Fenians, are beginning to quarrel among themselves, again, about the "British Crown." Meanwhile Old England looks on with smug complacency and evidently doesn't consider the whole lot worth *half*-a-crown.

It is said that at the next political canvass, the Republicans will be divided into two parties: the radicals, to be called the "Black Republicans"; and the conservatives, to be called the "Black-and-tan Republicans."

The NATION is said to have the largest and most successful "sinking fund" of any weekly journal in the country.

NOVEL MEANS OF OBTAINING COAL CHEAP.—Taking a hundred dollars worth of stock in a "Mutual Coal Company" on condition that you shall have all the coal you want at cost price, and then getting no coal at all and being simply laughed at for expecting your money back.

BUSINESS CRITICISM.—A Wall street broker, after reading one of Professor Draper's works, wrote on one of the fly-leaves, "Quotations of all descriptions rule high here;" while a merchant, to whom he lent the work, added, "and no credit given."

LATEST AND BEST NEWS FROM CONGRESS.—Both houses have adjourned till the fifth of January.

THE BEST CORPORATION COUNSEL.—Delmonico. [This is sent to us by an alderman who probably owes Delmonico a bill.]

HOW TO BECOME "SMALL, BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."—Get dubbed D.D. or L.L.D. by some University.

PUNCH'S CAUTION TO LADIES.—A silk dress should never be sat-in.

AMONG a list of comparatives, a Philadelphia exchange gives us the following:—positive, posan; comparative, piano; superlative, peanuts.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has approved a bill to prevent the further importation of cattle into Washington. This may diminish the census of the city a little; but, otherwise, we should say the effect would be good.

The great sale of rail-road iron in Alexandria has been postponed. All the great government sales of late, have turned out to be great government sells.

A correspondent who is curious in such matters writes to inquire whether Schuyler Colfax's name was not originally Schuylkill coal-fax.

The motto of all coins issued hereafter from the U. S. Mint is to be "In God we trust?" there is danger, however, that everybody will read it, "In Gold we trust"—which is much nearer the fact.

A company is about to be formed in this city for reducing the price of beef and mutton; of course, it will be a "Joint Stock Company."

ON THE BEAUTY

AND THE NECESSITY OF HAVING GOVERNORS.

Mankind is born under the fatal necessity of being governed.

This is one of its peculiarities.

Cain had such an irrepressible desire to kill Abel—and the world is made up of Cains and Abels—that some power must be maintained to keep peace between them.

And this power is what is called Government.

It hasn't, thus far, that we know of, prevented many people from being killed; but so long as men think it has, we ought not perhaps to complain.

Indeed, we suppose the illusion that if it wasn't for Government we should all proceed at once, for the mere Cain-ine love of the thing, to take each other's lives, ought to be kept up if only to prevent the race of Governors from becoming extinct.

And not only the race of Governors, but the whole race of Legislators.

And what a calamity that would be to us all.

Think of a world without Governors or Legislators.

The United States, for example, without a Congress or a President and Washington washed out of existence!

Ten miles square of Government at once annihilated!

D. C., forever deceased, and the States left, like so many orphans, to look out for themselves!

Or, worse still, if possible, the people left to look out for themselves without any States to provide for or to tax them; without any State-House even; nay, absolutely, without any capitol!

No; it is plain that we must have States, and must have Governors and Legislators, else the country would die, and there an end. Why, the very prospect of being deprived of the services of the two or three hundred honorable men—for of course they are

"All, all, honorable men,"

now congregated in Washington for the high, disinterested, exclusive, and patriotic purpose of legislating for the Common Good,—would drive us all crazy.

What, in such an awful emergency, would the papers do for news?

And how on earth, if so many honorable patriots and patriarchs were sent home, would they ever manage to earn their bread?

Are they not, most of them, born to govern?

And the farmers and the rest of us who have the distinguished honor of supporting them—what possible inducement could we have to labor, equal to the consciousness of being the stay and the staff of so many worthy and devoted chiefs?

Besides, what a sublime and touching spectacle it is, to see so many cultivated, high-minded, and affectionate men, leaving the bosoms of their families, and travelling all the dreary way to Washington, for the one only purpose of sacrificing themselves on the altar of their country, by going through the arduous and exhausting labor of legislating for and governing us

[illegible] look anything worse than a success[illegible] point of view.

There is the public money—not your money, nor mine, we can take care of that ourselves—but the public's money.

What, pray, would become of that, if it were not for these wise and prudential legislators and governors who meet together every year to distribute what it is inconvenient or impracticable for them to pocket, or otherwise dispose of?

Or how, in fact, but for these worthies, could the public money ever be got together?

How, without them, for example, could we ever have a Custom House? And who ever heard of a Country without a Custom House?

"A Church without a Bishop"

can be managed; but a Country without a Custom House is no more to be thought of than a solar system without a sun.

If we should seriously propose such a thing, the office of the SATURDAY PRESS would be pulled down about our ears before morning.

So, we beg most distinctly to say that we do *not* propose it, but only with fear and trembling suggest it as a calamity to be provided against in every possible way, and, especially, by keeping up the race of Governors and Legislators, without whom the Custom House, as well as many of our other institutions, could not be kept up for a day.

There are our laws, too. How should we ever have a new set of laws, if it were not for Governors and Legislators?

Isn't it as plain as a pike-staff that if they were to be dispensed with, we should have to go on forever and a day with the laws that we now have on our Statute-Book?

And isn't this idea alone—however complimentary it may be to previous Legislators—too appalling to dwell upon even for a moment?

Besides, since the law is the embodiment of Human Wisdom, isn't every succeeding generation entitled, in turn, to have *its* Wisdom embodied?

And how can we have new laws, unless we have new legislators to make them?

Moreover if we had no new laws, we should soon have no laws at all, and then—it's a dreadful question to put, even suppositiously—what would become of our Lawyers, to say nothing of our Court Houses, which are almost as useful, besides being quite as ornamental, as our Custom Houses.

We do humbly rejoice then, in view of all these considerations, that we live in a country where we have the inestimable privilege of being governed; in fact of being governed more, and of having more Governors, than any other people under the sun.

Only the other day, this privilege was beautifully illustrated in New York by the election of a whole lot of City Governors, for whom, and for whose disinterested services, we trust we shall always show a proper degree of gratitude.

Indeed, we never see a Governor of any kind without reverently taking off our hat; and we often remember with pride that we have one institution among us that can boast of no less than ten Governors.

Why, we should be almost willing to spend our lives in such an institution.

But what makes us particularly jubilant is the reflection that so many of our Governors [illegible] assembled together at Washington. We feel certain now of having an entirely New Set of laws.

A week ago—everything in life being uncertain—we had vague doubts about the matter; those doubts are now dissipated, and we breathe more freely.

Yes, we shall have a new set of laws, and in due time (for which also we rejoice) a new set of law-givers, when there ought to be,—and with the aid of our Israelite citizens, now haply so numerous, there doubtless will be,—a perfect Jubilee throughout the land.

(From the Californian, Nov. 18.)

GEORGE ARNOLD.

And so George Arnold is dead! The telegraph, remarkable for the practical terseness of its obituary notices, speaks of him as the author of the McAroni papers, and passes on to other news. Only one hour before, reading that dispatch, I had laughed over one of his latest Feuilletons in the New York REVIEW, and I now turned back again to its sparkling paragraphs with something of that feeling with which, on the death of a dear friend, we recall those signs and tokens by which we knew and loved him. Although I could claim no closer acquaintanceship than that of being one of his readers (too often, alas! the safest relation to hold to any writer,) I could not help feeling interested both in the strong personality which enlivened his articles, and in finding in his latest effort a suggestiveness both sweet and strange. A single omission of his usual weekly Feuilleton, and an apologetic line, from the editor, had prepared his readers for the light-hearted admission from his own pen, that illness had driven him to the country for rest and retirement. Rest and retirement! Rest that implied the necessity of pleasantly describing it; retirement that consisted in cheerfully keeping his personality fresh in the minds of his readers! What was it to them, to me—reading his graceful and genial chronicle—if the paraphernalia of a sick man surrounded the worn-out chronicler? What was it to us if phials and nauseous mixtures flanked his inkstand, so long as his light, gossipping pen was never dipped in the ugly fluid? And yet, who thinks of the heroism required to control this spasm so that it shall become a graceful salutation: to change this twinge to a pleasant smile? You and I, reader, can afford to go through our little sicknesses sincerely. If our old enemy, the neuralgia, gets the upper hand of us, we can grunt at our servants, browbeat our clerks, snub our business associates, and the world pities and pardons us. But the funny scribbler, the comic actor—the two clowns of Vanity Fair, whose business it is to make jokes and faces—ah! that is quite another affair. Whoever sympathised with a sick humorist? Is not the world rather inclined to exult over them, from an ill-defined belief in Providential retribution? "Art thou, too, become like one of us?" Your sick poet sings his consumptive psalm from a pillow smoothed by soft-hearted woman's fingers; it is Jack Falstaff

who bobbed at grass [illegible] per chamber, surrounded by Nym, Bardolph and Mrs. Quickly. . . . But, in my digression, I fear I have strayed too far. Gifted Arnold was a poet as well as humorist—a poet who, if not deep and passionate, was saved from futile attempts at sublimity by his quiet good taste and keen sense of the ridiculous. His verse was tender, sparkling and graceful as his prose, and that is too well-known to require commendation here. As the burlesque war correspondent of Vanity Fair, he early adopted from the French, that pithy, curt, epigrammatic, paragraphic style, which Charles Henry Webb, his only successful rival, has introduced to such popularity on this coast in his "Things." A graceful tribute to the memory of his fellow-laborer, Fitz James O'Brien, in a column of personal recollections of that gifted writer, was one of Mr. Arnold's last contributions to literature; let us hope that among his brother journalists there may be found one who, with the will, possesses the ability to as gratefully embalm his memory.

Bret.

(For the Saturday Press.)

CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

It is not deemed necessary to enter any apology for the subject of this essay, yet we may refer to the old British proverb, "It is not every day that we kill a pig," and say "It is not every day that we kill a Christmas goose."

If Poetry and Fiction have hitherto done little for her, History and the spit have done much. Everybody knows that the melodious voice of a wakeful goose on the Capitol baffled Gallic night-errantry and saved the mistress of the world. Though only a goose, she created an immense sensation that dark night, and the laurels which adorn her neck are every whit as fresh to-day as those which grace the brow of Lucretia, Cæsar, or the Horatii, and so they shall be forevermore.

Next to Rome, our bird is indebted to England's "Merry Christmas." She has flown down to us from the olden English times. Her cackle is blended with the voices of the merry homes of England for many a century—with the voices of kings and queens, nobles, artisans, yeomen, women, children and households, happy around the Christmas board.

Her ancestors have been the bosom-companions of the best and heartiest of our ancestors, and

"——" slayers of Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Goose in our welcome of thee—
Excellent bird!"

Like humanity, she is mortal—the nearest approach to immortality we have ever heard of in one of her race being a longevity of eighty years. Melancholy, indeed, must have been the digestion of that Christmas party which feasted upon her ancient frame.

Goose in the abstract is historical; in the gravy, delicious. The life of the most [illegible] Christmas goose is positively without [illegible] so us, but once dead and stuffed and [illegible] the great heroic begins.

"To die, to [illegible]—death is not the goal." There is a life after life, brief, crispy, elegant, and fragrant with sage and sweet marjoram. With what grace and quiet dignity she reposes upon the wide, white dish! She has been despoiled of her snowy plumage, bereft of life, her soul sent off in a Pythagorean chariot to cackle through the sweet lips of some feminine tenement, but the truly great and good of her being remains with us.

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
* * * * * * *
Eternal summer gilds them yet."

Turkey may have its its votaries as turkey does, but the Sultan himself would be drowned in the Bosphorus of neglect in this presence.

Her plump, light-brown breast is upheaved with the mysterious dressing. Deep in the unquarried caverns of her spacious frame is hidden other dressing, equally mysterious, because unseen and unknown except by the generous aroma which floats athwart our nostrils and electrifies us with anticipation of coming delights.

Her wings, no longer useful for aerial flights are serenely folded across her broad, flat back. The two tapering legs, once tipped with delicate webs, cling gracefully to the body. But the sides and breast chiefly engage our attention.

If we have cultivated a taste for "Christmas Goose" we may well pause here and send our heart forward into the dish there.

"O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam fragrans in odore!
O! quam sapidum in ore!"

These sides and this breast contain all that mortals sigh for in the way of goose.

"They are an ambush of sweet snares"

There is beauty of form and grace of outline to tempt the eye, and delicious plumpness and speaking color to ravish the appetite. The fire has touched the rich flesh daintily. The kitchen artist has basted with wonderful skill, until a complex question is presented: of appetite—which would devour; of passion for the beautiful and the artistic—which would preserve and render immortal.

We once heard a good housekeeper's pies praised because of their quality of "concealment." Their wealth of substance concealed the subordinate pastry. Here is concealment for you, though in a different sense. The red-tinted cuticle, illuminated by the low-sailing December sun—as it streams in through the southern window upon the family party, conceals a world of sweets.

We dream with eyes tied fast in happy silence—the carver is our iconoclast. We hate him, we love him. He mars our vision—he destroys

"The beautiful world
With violent hands,"

but he flings wide open the portals of immeasurable gratification; the juicy flesh quivers and melts in the mouth; it lingers, it stays; the lips coax it, the tongue coquets with it, the palate likewise, and there is nothing of earth or goose beyond to wish for.

This Christmas Goose has lived one short bright summer—a little, virtuous, happy life—and now by this vicarious death flies to immortality and a merry digestion.

Lead the way to the parlor! Let us not tempt apoplexy or gout. Put on the Yule log, the Christmas block. Let us have music, laughter, generous bowls, jokes, games, sports, and tumultuous joys. We will live in the very present. The holly, the ivy, and the mistletoe are fresh and green. "Care killed a cat." No cat shall die of care by our hearth to-night. It shall be a "Merry Christmas," such as the old times knew. Are we more Pagan and less Christian than the ancient Briton or the modern Teuton? In his rough way, with riotous feastings and boisterous mirth, the old Briton held high festival from Christmas until Twelfth Night, and the latter-day materialistic Teuton renews his youth under the Christmas Tree.

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

The family Christmas festival is one of the sacred things. An ancient one, its history is thronged with blessed and happy memories. It comes laden with benedictions. It is the richest festival of the year. Its pure white light beckons to us for dusty weeks before the day dawns and shines upon us forever as we pass on to the future. Fathers and mothers renew their youth—the children are as happy as innocence and Santa Claus can make them.

All the work days we are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Kill the Christmas goose and spare that other.

Holly.

THE CHRISTMAS HYMN I HEARD.

I had heard the Christmas bells, and had ceased awhile to weep,
And was pausing on the threshold of the mystic door of sleep,
When my soul was called to earth again by music soft and sweet,—
The sound of some one singing Christmas carols in the street.

She sang the Saviour's story—his lowly, humble birth,
His youth, his holy manhood, his sufferings on earth,
His death upon the Cross, his triumph in the skies—
And drops of tender sorrow overflowed my aching eyes.

Then she sang of Christmas memories and the influence they shed,
Making dearer still the living, making dearer still the dead;
Of little ones rejoicing in their parents' tender love,
And of greater far rejoicings in the home of God above.

"There," sang she, "round the golden throne the spotless spirits stand,
All clad in robes of purity—a happy shining band;
And their hymn is, 'Glory! glory to the Lord of earth and sky!
Oh! blessed are the innocent—the good who early die!'"

Then I raised me from my pillow, smoothed back my tangled hair,
Hushed the sobs within my bosom, and clasped my hands in prayer;
And when I sank to sleep again the sweetest dreams were given,
For I heard, all night, dear Anna singing Christmas hymns in heaven!

Margaret Strange.

(For The Saturday Press.)

ON A FARM.

I.

BURLINGTON, N. J., Dec. 18, 1865.

DEAR PRESS:—

When a man takes a fancy to leave the more bustling scenes of life and settle down into a condition of calm content, I believe he is very apt to rush out into the country somewhere and buy a farm.

I have known many persons to do so.

I have done so myself.

But why in Jersey?

If one wishes to leave the world and still remain on the continent that gave him birth where else, on earth, *can* he go?

Setting the matter clearly before an intelligent public in this light, I expect to see enlightened multitudes rushing into this devoted little state, and immediately doubling the census.

And Jersey isn't so bad a state to live in after all.

To a New Englander's or a New Yorker's notions, many of the ways and manners of the people are, indeed, "queer."

Said my man to me one day—he was my *first* man, I have had three—said he: "Them goat's in Burlington is a noutrage: they've clumb on the roof of my chicken house an' eaten all the squinches off my trees an' the grapes off my wines!"

Of course I knew that the poor man intended *quinces*, and I had already learned that with very many of the natives *g* and *n* were interchangeable consonants.

This latter fact was called to my mind while purchasing chickens of an old soldier who lives on my road to town.

"Jarsey," said he, "Jarsey ain't nowheres: I'd rather be hung in Pennsylvania than to die a natural death in Jarsey!"

Need I say that—just entering upon life in Jarsey—I was shocked at this statement of the old soldier's views.

Upon my arrival here, I found one of the first necessities of existence was the purchase of a pair of work-horses.

Now I don't know much about horses.

If I thought I did, I might find myself in the uncomfortable position of a certain young cavalry officer whom I saw wickedly snubbed one pleasant January day, in the year of our Lord 1862.

It was on Ship Island, and Gen. Phelps (of proclamation fame) was strolling down the long plank walk towards the "harbor," in company with some brother officers, when the party were spied by a gay young cavalry chap, who immediately began curvetting and prancing about the group, showing off his horsemanship.

Whereupon the General—a gruff old martinet of an officer—remarked audibly: "That young fellow *thinks* he's a centaur—he ain't; he's only a d—d fool!"

On another occasion, a regiment of Zouaves had just landed, and one of them, in full feather, red and blue, met the General.

He had never seen anything so fine in the army before, and taking the chap by the shoulder, he turned him about, examining him curiously.

"Well, what *are* you, any way?" he cried at length.

"A Zouave, sir," replied the trembling victim.

"Oh! a Zouave!" quoth the General; "Really I didn't know but you were a circus-rider!"

To return to my horses.

I bought a pair.

It's none of your concern what they cost me.

Suffice it to say that the outlay was not great, and that they pleased me.

I have them still.

One is bay, and so tall, bony, and angular in his make and movement that I have named him "Abraham Lincoln," after our late lamented chief magistrate.

He eats a great deal (a "good bit" they would say here in Jarsey, and I believe, on my honor, their's is the better expression) and has many fine points about him.

I value him for speed.

He can make his mile in ten to fifteen minutes easily.

He stands between sixteen and seventeen hands high (he *stands still*, too, without hitching—seems to prefer it to going) is ten years old, and safe for the driving of the most inexperienced and nervous female.

My wife drives him, and I need say no more.

The venerable author of "Ten Acres Enough," has been unkind enough to laugh at him sometimes when riding with me.

But he is—I am sorry to say—one of those men who admire fast horses.

"Who drives fast horses must himself be flogged,"

you know.

Well, I am satisfied with "Abe." (If you hear of any one who wants just such a horse let me know, will you?)

"Pete," my other horse—why "*Pete*," I am sure I don't know—is short, fat, and black.

He is of age.

I had owned him but a few days, and a Milesian friend was conversing with me on the important subject of a ditch he proposed to dig for me, when the black horse passed drawing a heavy load of corn.

"Sure the old horse stands his years well," said my friend.

"Do *you* know that horse?" said I.

"*Don't* I know him?" said he. "Sure by the same token it was thirteen years ago, I owned that horse, an' he was a fine beast, rising fifteen thin. An' the divil's own bird he was for kickin' an' bitin', so he wus. Sure he broke a man's leg an' bit a piece out of a gintleman's shoulder, an' divil a carpinter could build a stable would hould him, at all, wid the tumultuous kickin' agin the walls of the hind legs of the crature."

(I called to mind the mighty breakage of my rest by the resonant pelting old "Pete," kept up at intervals on the stable door, and understood more fully the reason why new locks were so constantly required in that department.)

"Sure no one would kape the baste over six months, being kilt entirely wid builder's bills, for repairing the barns the crature had destroyed; but I presume he's got some guile wid the years that's on him."

My respect—almost veneration—for "Pete" after this touching recital was unbounded.

It is so still.

If you know of any one who is in need of a horse twenty-eight years old, in good condition and warranted not to run away, please write me.

Till then, etc.,

WARREN.

(For the Saturday Press.)

OLD SAWS WITH NEW READINGS.

BY ARNAS.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

The cowardice of this counsel withers all the fruits of action, and makes content mean.

It is a bit of that old-world wisdom which dreads change, and speaks by the lips of those who have, to scare those who have not.

It is the plea of conservatism against progress—the signboard that points to the old ways, but dares not lift its wooden index to Excelsior.

There is no echo of it in young Hotspur's "O'Esperanza!"—though it fits to the mouth of the Old Lady who maunders in Henry the Eighth, "Our content is our best having."

Those classes may flaunt it as their device for whom the arrangements of the world are made easy, and who, inheriting all, see much to risk and nothing to gain by novelty—such classes as learned caution from Metternich, and refused inspiration from Mirabeau.

Austria fed Italy with this political pap until Victor taught her the appetite for stronger meat, which Venice must yet gratify.

But what voice from the heights which refuse to come down can convince the valleys that it is not well to come up?

England has always trusted less to this saw than to her "ships, colonies, and commerce," which gave it the lie.

Even the Aristocracy who preached it would long ago have perished, but for accessions from the Commons who lived and won by failing to practice it.

And there were those among the nobles of England—not her parchment-nobles—who gave all that they had for their souls, and sailing westward from peace and ease to pain and death, despised this proverb.

The Mayflower threw it overboard, and it has never come to shore on this side.

The kernel of all American growth lies in the opposite faith of "Nothing venture, nothing have."

To accept this proverb is to clip the two wings of life, Hope and Endeavor, and darken the whole heaven of the future into which they soar.

It is to stifle the longing of all love, and the striving of all heroism.

It was hardly worth while to make the world and launch it rolling through shine and shadow, if the nothingness of rest be really better than the dangers of motion.

And Alexander and Columbus were indeed mere children to spurn the old world for conquest or discovery of a new one.

There are instants in which those who have climbed the heights of life's success, or are tasting its rare ecstasies, would choose to rest forever unchanging.

But such moments are the crown of the long years whose every sigh and every struggle has been a denial of this proverb.

And what strength is there in it for the many who never attain?

What shall the suffering and the wretched live for, if thus cut off from the effort for a better state?

"The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope."

Shall they be told that the draught of present bitterness is more healthful than that elixir?

Every bachelor protests against this proverb, since the time when the patriarch Jacob wasted his seven years to win the wrong bird, and spent seven more in chase of a whiter one.

Must we cling to the selfish single comforts of a half-existence, in fear of the double cares as well as joys that fill the wider wedded one?

Does Cœlebs take so firm and satisfying a hold on life through his daily toil, his monotonous club, his lonely fireside and self-involved communing with his cigar, that he dreads to seise its fulness and brightness through the grasp of a softer hand linked with his own?

Even the miser, who of all men should be the slave of this edict, feels his soul torn between desire to hoard what he has, and eagerness to hazard that which may add to it.

And he is only better because less bold than the gambler, for whose sole use this warning should be reserved.

Why, the very bird of birds, the Phœnix (may she pardon this disturbance of her well-earned repose) flouted this wisdom, when she flung herself away to find herself again glorified in her fragrant spice-bush of fire.

No owl ever sought that resurrection in suicide.

But who would not risk the life of an earthly crow, though lengthened to a century, to reach the wanderings through eternity of a glorious bird of Paradise?

FROM (BUT NOT OF) PARIS.

PARIS, Dec. 1, 1865.

DEAR PRESS:—

I am going to write you something about the urbanity of Austrian officials.

They are noted for it, especially in Italy.

I should say rus-banity, not only to show that I still know a little Latin, but also because the particular instance I am about to notice occurred in the country.

He was a fine looking man, the one who stopped me on my tramp from Salsbury to Berchtesgaden, and would have me return to the former place because I had no papers to show him, and told him an improbable story of being an American, when it was very evident (to him) that I was a Polish refugee.

I will acknowledge that I must have presented rather a curious appearance as I walked along with my coat over my shoulder, a wetted handkerchief hanging in my eyes from under my round-topped hat, and with no other luggage than a superbly colored meerschaum.

It was a ferociously hot day in August.

I had neglected my friend's advice, and had elected to see and admire the wild beauties of the Bavarian Alps from my feet rather than from the top or inside of an omnibus, and had just reached the interesting part of my walk—viz.: the black and white barber-poles indicating the Austro-Bavarian frontier—when I was suddenly hailed by an *invisible voice*.

He was a fine looking man, the owner of this voice, and at the commencement of our acquaintance very polite.

Like all Austrian officials, he wore a glazed cap, and a blonde moustache.

Not that this was the whole of his costume, but these were the principal items except a glass or more of beer of which the froth still lingered on his moustache, like dew on the dried grass of autumn, and was *sturmed up* with a dash of the back of his hand at the end of his first question, "Wohin? Where are you bound?"

But this is hardly the beginning.

I had already had an interview with one of Francis Joseph's myrmidons a few days before—an interview of a different nature.

I was then on my way from Munich to Salzburg in a fast Bavarian mail train.

It is rather pleasant travelling on these German railways.

They don't go fast enough to take away either your health, or your thirst, and you finally reach your place of destination.

Stations are frequent.

The stops always extend to five or ten minutes, and at every one of them the beer—excellent beer at a cent or two the glass—goes gurgling over the tonsils of the thirsty travellers like a summer brook babbling over the pebbles in its course.

One of the most palpable errors in the creation is, in my opinion, the bestowal of a plurality of stomachs upon the camel rather than upon the Germans.

It is true that the Germans are in the habit of affectionately bestowing upon each other the epithet, "Kameel"; but calling a man a camel doesn't make him one, nor endow him with the superior capacity of that animal.

A rest of from ten to fifteen minutes exhausts the supply in a German's single barrel and he is obliged to refill or thirst; but the beer is excellent.

I dwell upon this fact as much to excuse their apparent immoderation in drinking it as my own love for the fluid.

However to return to my story, which does *not* seem to babble like a summer's brook.

I was on my way to Salzburg partly for the sake of convincing myself that Mozart had once lived there, and partly to compare the taste of rock with sea-salt.

It was a warm day.

We had a very gentlemanly conductor.

There are some to be met with in America, but they devote themselves usually to the ladies.

He was very gentlemanly and very thirsty.

In fact, he was also a "Kameel"—I mean a German.

He obligingly brought me beer, and affably assisted me in draining the glass.

We gained each the good graces of the other.

We approached Salzburg.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had no passport.

I had left it in Munich.

"Would it be demanded?" I asked my friend.

"Certainly."

"But no matter," said he, "I will make it all right."

And so he did.

With carpet-bag in hand, having victoriously passed the "Customs," I was hurrying forward to secure an omnibus, when Law and Order, in the form of a police-officer—just such an one as I have above described—laid its heavy hand upon my shoulder, and whispered 'passport' in my ear.

"I haven't any," said I, and was beginning an explanation when my railway friend interferred, and saying, "It's all right; it's a friend of mine; I'll tell you all about it," shoved me by the obstacle, and we stood beyond the pale.

It only cost me a florin (forty cents) besides affording an elligible opportunity for another parting glass of beer.

It is astonishing what force a little bold and blustering protection administered at the right moment will put into a mild man.

With that conductor as my friend, it was as though I had all the steam-power of all the united Bavarian and Austrian railways behind me and *must* go through.

And I did.

It reminded me very much of the operation of clearing the track of snow-drifts at home.

How I wished, a few days after, when I finally met my Waterloo, that my Grouchy had come up again at the right moment.

He didn't come, and I failed in going through.

But I begin to think that I am talking too much about myself, and in a manner that can by no means interest you.

You see I have no one to back me now, and I feel rather bashful before so many I's.

The fact is, I was getting rather spoony about OLIVE LOGAN, when her letter in the PRESS of October 21, knocked me "higher 'n a kite."

Excuse my using stale slang; we don't get the new words here as fast as they are coined.

Her letters from Saratoga had inspired me with a romantic affection for her but I don't know now whether she is fifteen or fifty or charming in proportion.

But what I was going to propose to you was a conundrum, viz: to wit—

Why are newly published songs like men bathing?

Because they are new ditties.

I feel better now, and can return to the front

There I was at the frontier with a sturdy guardian of the peace, with musket loaded and lighted match, barring my progress into Bavaria, and insisting upon my walking back to Salzburg in the sun.

"With whom have I the honor of speaking?" he said, after I had finally succeeded in convincing him that I was paperless.

I declined my name and profession—age,

place of birth, object of coming into th country—reasons for leaving it again—age, profession, etc., of parents—whether married or single, or the reverse and if not, why not, etc., etc.—exactly as though I had been filling up the hotel police register.

I was used to that and did it glibly.

This seemed to mollify my man somewhat, for he had been growing austere and peremptory, and he began again.

"But your passport? You must have some papers from your government to prove your identity."

And now that he mentioned it, it suddenly flashed across me that I had.

"All right," said I, "I *have* got a passport, but they liked it so much in Munich that they took it away from me on my arrival to examine at their leisure and I forget to ask for it when I came away; but I have got their receipt for it.

I remembered taking the paper in question out of my writing desk and placing it in my pocket-book that very morning.

"Ah," said he, with a sigh of relief as though rather glad of the prospect of a speedy return to his pipe and beer, "show it."

I pulled out my pocket-book, and from it extracted rather a soiled paper which unfolded, to my intense surprise and mortification, turned out to be nothing more nor less than two tickets in a picture lottery in Munich.

I had had no idea in buying them that I was going to draw a prize; but to have such a blank as this unexpectedly fall upon me completely unmanned me, and I hung my head and said not a word.

Cerberus looked at me sternly, as he marched me into the station house, and ushered me into the presence of his superior, also a man with a glazed hat, a blonde moustache, a long pipe, and a glass of beer somewhere in the middle distance.

The Herr Oberpolizeibeamter shook his head sorrowfully over our joint story and confirmed my sentence.

In vain I objected that there was no use in my going back to Salzburg—that I had come into Austria without a passport, and it seemed devilish (yes, I said devilish) hard not to be able to get out again—that my passport was in Munich, and my receipt for it in my trunk and already on its way by post to Berchtesgaden.

My owl only shook his head, murmured "*macht nichts*," and waved me from his presence.

And then I got mad and became insolent, and uttered a lot of chaff which didn't disturb my two persecutors in the least.

So I turned my face towards Salzburg once more.

But you didn't go all that way back again in the sun?

Not I.

I had noticed a charming retreat just before reaching my impediment, about a mile back.

In fact, I think I had already stopped there for a glass of beer.

I returned there now, boiling over with rage and indignation, seated myself at a table under the trees, and in company with a catholic priest, to whom I related my adventure, drank beer vigorously until my diligence came up.

Arrived at the frontier again, I was obliged to mount the roof of the diligence, unpack my trunk, hunt up the writing-desk and exhibit my papers, after which I was allowed to proceed.

None of the other travellers were asked whether they were travelling with United States passports or with lottery-tickets.

And—but that's all.

I reached Berchtesgaden without further trouble.

It rained the six following days, and on the seventh I packed up my traps and came to Paris, where I remain,

Yours truly,

JAUNEBERT.

THREE OF A TRADE;

OR,

RED LITTLE KRISS KRINGLE.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

The city was muffled in snow, and looked as calm, and pale, and stately, as a queen in her ermine robes. It was night, and the tinkling of innumerable sleigh-bells made the frosty air musical. The sleighs themselves sped silently through the streets, painted blackly against the white snow as they passed, like so many phantoms winging their way to a festival on the Brocken mountain.

It was late, for the corner groceries were shut. The last draught of poison had been drained over the counter. The last victim had staggered home to his trembling wife. The red, unwholesome light that flared over the door had been extinguished, and the barkeeper was snoring in his bed behind the flour barrels.

In the bleak shelter afforded by the projecting wooden awning of one of the corner-groceries in Greenwich street, close to where that thoroughfare nears the river, and huddled up against the side of the large coal-bin that stood hasped and padlocked on one side of the entrance, two little figures were visible in the dim glimmer of the night.

Two little children they were, sitting with their cold arms embracing each other, their chill cheeks pressed together, and their large weary eyes looking out hungrily into the blank street.

Down by the wharves they saw the tall slender masts of ships piercing the sky like the serried lances of some band of gigantic Cossacks. Among the black hulls a few late lights still shone, and the air rung occasionally with the voice of a drunken sailor, who from some friendly doorstep, where he had involuntarily cast anchor, chanted his experiences of a young West Indian lady of color, who rejoiced in the horticultural name of Nancy Banana.

Presently a mystic music seemed to fall from the arched skies upon the city. It was the chimes from old Trinity, ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in.

The thrilling notes of the changes following each other in measured flow, vibrated through the air like music made by the feet of marching angels. They jubilantly seemed to scale the slope of Heaven. The wild melodious clangor floated over the great silent city. Myriads of aerial Moors, clashing their cymbals, seemed to march over the housetops. The clock was trembling on the stroke of twelve, and Time had one foot already in the territories of the New Year.

"Tip, listen to the bells," said one of the two children, that were huddled beneath the grocery-awning, speaking in a faint though clear voice, like a bell heard in a fog, "listen. It is time for Kriss Kringle to come."

Tip's cold little lips opened and nothing issued therefrom but a low plaintive "Im hungry, Binnie."

"So am I," said Binnie, with a sort of far-off cheeriness, as if his heart was at a considerable distance, and could communicate only very faintly. "But, let us wait. Perhaps Kriss Kringle will bring us something nice What would you like most, Tip?"

"Coffee and cakes wouldn't be bad," said Tip, hesitatingly, as if rather afraid of the consequences if he allowed his imagination to run away with him.

"Or a plate of roast beef rare, with potatoes and peach pie," suggested the more reckless Binnie, "just such as mother used to give us on Sunday. Poor mother!"

"What are we going to do to-morrow, Binnie, to get some money?"

"Shovel snow off the stoops," answered Binnie resolutely. "We'll go into Union Square early and ask all around at the houses whether they want the sidewalk cleared. Some of 'em are sure to give us a quarter; we might make fifty cents, and then wouldn't we have a time!"

"When we were living in the country with mother what fun we used to have on New Year's," said poor little Tip, creeping up closer to Binnie, with a shiver, for the night was getting very cold, and a few large snow-flakes commenced falling straight down from the fleecy sky, white as the manna that fell in the desert, but alas! not so nutritious.

"O, golly! yes. What a good mother she was to us, and what things we used to find in the old stocking that she gave us to hang up! Kriss Kringle don't come to us any more now that she's dead. I wonder if he really used to come down the chimney Tip, or if 'twas only make believe."

"I don't know," said Tip. "I watched ever so many nights, but somehow I always fell asleep just before he came, and then the things got into the stocking. I used to dream, though, that I saw him. A little man with a red coat all covered with gold lace, and a long feather in his cap, and a little sword by his side. And he used to smile at me, and say, 'Tip, will you be a good boy if I put something into the stocking for you?" and then I used to promise, and when I had promised I used to hear music sounding all through the house, a great deal finer than the music we heard when went to the circus, Binnie; and then Kriss Kringle would take off his hat to me, and make a jump, and go clean up the chimney out of sight, like a red cricket. Ah! how cold it is, Binnie, and how hungry I am. Tell us a story."

The wind arose in the north, and came down

upon the city with a savage howl. The heavy snow-flakes fled before him into every angle and nook, like terrified white birds trying to hide themselves from some vast-winged, screaming falcon. They thrust themselves into the crevices of the windows, and between the slats of the green window-blinds; they got under the sills of the doors. They left the centre of the streets, and flew madly into the gutters; they huddled themselves into the dark corner where Tip and Binnie were cowering, ran up the legs of their ragged trowsers, and slid down between their frail shirt-collars and their cold little necks. It was a fierce, biting, scratching wind of prey, and poor Binnie and Tip felt his talons digging into their flesh.

Just as the pair of vagrants had drown closer together, and Binnie was trying to stop his teeth—which began to chatter—from biting in two the thread of the story that the patient little fellow was about to tell his brother, they heard a faint cry, something between a moan and a whistle, sounding close to them.

Looking out into the dim twilight they beheld a dwarfish figure standing on the sidewalk, moaning and waving its arms. It seemed to be a little man about two feet high, clad in a red coat, covered with gold lace, and wearing a little cap, in which was stuck a long feather, that was bent nearly horizontal by the wind. A tiny sword, about the length of a lead pencil, dangled at his side.

"O, Binnie," whispered Tip, "it's Kriss Kringle come again. I know him. He used to look exactly like that in my dream. I ain't afraid of him. Are you?"

"Not a bit," answered Binnie. "He looks a nice little chap. I hope he has brought us something.

The little man on the sidewalk seemed very uneasy. He waved his long arms continually, took off his little cap every now and then with a quick jerk, as if he were making a series of abbreviated bows to the two little vagrants, and then hopped about, moaning the same shrill and extraordinary moan.

"Binnie, I think he's cold; let us ask him to come and lie down with us and warm himself," said Tip. "You know, in all the fairy books, if you treat a fairy well, he's sure to give you three wishes."

Whatever Binnie may have thought of the recklessness of the suggestion of warming anything by putting it close to two such little icicles as himself and his brother, the latter part of the speech seemed to strike him as containing a felicitous idea.

So, bracing his chattering teeth as well as he could, he said:

"Kriss Kringle, will you come and lie down with us, and we will warm you?"

The little red-coated man made no reply to this hospitable invitation, but danced, and shivered and moaned, and doffed his tiny cap many times in succession.

"Come, Kriss Kringle," continued Binnie, beckoning to the dwarf, "come in out of the snow."

"Maybe he don't speak English, Binnie," suggested the imaginative Tip.

This was a new view of the case, and Binnie began to consider within himself whether, by some inspiration of the moment, he might not suddenly master the particular foreign tongue with which their new friend was acquainted, when suddenly, the little man made a swift leap and landed right in Tip's lap.

"Why, Binnie," cried Tip, "it's not Kriss Kringle after all; it's only a monkey!"

Sure enough it was a monkey; a poor shivering little Brazilian, with pleading eyes and soft, silky hands, and a countenance that seemed to tell of a life of sorrow. A bit of broken chain dangling from a belt round his waist told his story. The eternal organ in the street; the black-bearded, heartless Italian; the little swith that scored his back at home; the cruel pinches to induce politeness, when wondering schoolboys proffered their hoarded coppers; the melancholy pantomime of sprightly gratitude which was taught with blows, and performed in fear and trembling. Poor little runaway! Poor little vagrant! He seemed to know that he had found brothers in misfortune when he thrust his timid, silky paw in Binnie's hand, and laid his hairy little face against Tip's cold bosom.

The children vied with each other in attentions to the poor little wanderer. I do believe that if Tip had an apple or a chestnut at that moment, hungry as he was, he would have given it to his red little Kriss Kringle.

The boys placed him between them, and tried to snuggle him up in their tattered clothes. He clung to them as if he really loved them. His little hand found its way into Tip's shirt-bosom—if that collection of discolored tatters which he wore beneath his jacket could be called a shirt—and laid just over his heart. The poor vagrants kissed and fondled their pet; and, God help them! were almost happy for the time.

Meanwhile the snow drifted and drifted right under the shed where the vagrants lay. It began to pile itself up about them on all sides, and it clung to every projection of their persons. The air grew colder and colder. The wind swooped at them under the shed—still, like the wide-winged shrieking falcon—as if it would take them up in its talons and bear them away to its bleak nest to feed its unfledged tempests. Closer and closer the three houseless creatures drew together, until a great drowsiness fell upon them, end the sough of the storm sounded farther and farther off, and sleep and snow covered them.

Then a dream came to Binnie and Tip. Red little Kriss Kringle jumped up suddenly from his rest in their bosom, clad in the brightest finery. A wondrous white egret's plume waved in his cap and he wore a breastplate of diamonds. His red coat was redder than the blossoms of the wild Lobelia, and his sword was hilted with gold. Then he said to the boys:

"Boys, ye have been very kind to me, and sheltered me when it was cold, so now ye shall idle in the sunshine forever and ever!"

Then he led them down to the wharf near by, where, moored among the black hulls of the ships, they found a beautiful golden boat, so bright with many-colored flags that it seemed as if her tall masts had swept the rainbows from the sky. Fairy music sounded as the sails were set, and they sailed and sailed and sailed until they landed on the sweet Southern shore.

There they found strange trees with leaves of satin and fruits of gold. Wonderful birds shot like stars from bough to bough. The rivers sang like musical instruments. From the limbs of the trees trailed brilliant tapestries of orchideous flowers, which, with their roots in the air, sucked the sunlight into their secret veins, until their blossoms were covered with the splendor of Day.

Here, red little Kriss Kringle led them to the foot of a huge tree covered with white flowers, and made them lie down while he fed them with fruits of a magical flavor. The sun shone cheerfully on their heads. The birds sang their pleasant songs. The huge tree rained its white blossoms on them, as they dropped off to sleep weary with delight, until they reposed beneath a coverlet of scented snow.

When the first day of the New Year dawned and the grocer's boy came from his bed behind the flour barrels to take down the shutters, he saw a mound of snow close by the side of the coal-bin. He brought the shovel to take it away, and the first stroke disclosed the three little vagrants lying stark and stiff, enfolded in each others' arms.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

In this pleasant beechen shade,
Where the crocus blossoms red,
Lieth one who, being dead,
Is neither matron, man, nor maid.

But once he wore the form of God,
And walked the earth with meaner things:
Death snapt him. See! above him springs
The very grass whereon he trod!

Let the world swing to and fro,
The slant rain fall, the wind blow strong:
Time cannot do him any wrong
While he is wrapped and cradled so!

Ah, much he suffered in his day:
He knelt with Virtue, kissed with Sin—
Wild Passion's child, and Sorrow's twin,
A meteor that had lost its way!

He walked with goblins, ghouls, and things
Unsightly,—terrors and despairs;
And ever in the starry airs
A dismal raven flapped its wings!

He died. Six people bore his pall;
And three were sorry, three were not:
They buried him, and then forgot
His very grave—the lot of all!

But strains of music here and there,
Weird children whom nobody owns,
Are blown across the fragrant zones
Forever in the midnight air!

T. B. Aldrich.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, announce for publication, early in January, the initial number of a new journal, entitled Every Saturday. The publishers design in this work to supply the American reader, each week, with thirty-two large octavo pages of choice reading, selected from the latest English and continental magazines and periodicals. Much of the best foreign current literature is not accessible to the general reader on this side the water. A reproduction of its most salient features, in a desirable form and at a moderate price, will be appreciated by all classes of intelligent readers.

A radical in Congress proposes to introduce a bill abolishing all National Banks, except N. P.—who won't stay abolished.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

Office of Publication: No. 64 Nassau Street, New York City.

Post-Office Address: Box 2120, N. Y.

PRICE, $3.00 A YEAR 6 CENTS A NUMBER.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

We take the liberty of suggesting, as one way of celebrating Christmas and New Year, that everybody in town (and out) subscribe to two copies of the SATURDAY PRESS—one for himself and the other for his "next friend." The expense will be only six dollars, and each number of the paper (we give this as our impartial opinion) will be found to be worth twice the money.

As a Christmas or New Year's gift, a paper like the PRESS is peculiarly appropriate as it will recall the donor's memory every week in the year in a manner (this, too, is an impartial opinion) which will afford both parties the liveliest satisfaction.

LESSON FOR CHRISTMAS.

The religion of Christ differs from all other religions in this, that it came into the world not as a Theory, but as a Life: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth."

As a mere theory, it was as old as the human heart.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul had been a universal instinct from the beginning.

The doctrine of the forgiveness of enemies, besides being the dictate of every noble nature, had been long taught by Pagan philosophers, and by Pagan poets, one of whom had sung,

> "All Nature cries aloud, can man do less
> Than heal the railer and the smiter bless?"

And so with all of what are called the distinctive facts of Christianity.

Its only distinctive fact, in reality, was that whereas before it had been *taught* in fragments, now it was *lived* as a whole.

Had Christ been a mere philosopher, or a theorist, we never should have heard of him; but having been the living embodiment of Truth,—the only living embodiment of it the world had seen—his name became at once identical and coëternal with it: so much so, that it was no exaggeration for him to say (even humanly speaking,) "I am the Truth."

He never sought to build up a party, nor to found a Sect.

He looked upon the human race as One.

His appeals were to the universal human heart.

He never so much as promulgated a creed.

His whole religion was expressed in the one word, Love.

There was no theology about it, and no etaphysics.

Nothing but Humanity.

Had he established a Sect, he never would have been crucified.

He would simply have been forgotten.

He asserted the Brotherhood of Man, and the sects and parties who denied it (and always have denied it) slew him.

Slew him for that.

Obvious as are these facts, the lesson they teach seems to have been almost wholly overlooked.

Ever since the disciples of Christ first assumed his name and called themselves Christians (the memorable and unauthorized event, it will be recollected, occurred at Antioch), they have been disputing about texts, and quarreling—we all know how fiercely and fatally—about theories.

They made a grand mistake in calling themselves Christians.

During the life-time of Christ, any attempt to approach him in the spirit of sectarian subserviency, was promptly rebuked.

On a certain occasion, "there came one running, and kneeled to him and asked him, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal Life?' And Jesus said unto him, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is God.'"

We feel certain that if it had been proposed to Christ, at any time, that his disciples should call themselves Christians, he would have answered them in this spirit; while the fact that any such suggestion, coming from him, would strike us all as out of keeping with his sublime character, is a proof, that under any circumstances, and by whomever proposed, it was at least an unwise suggestion.

The spirit which dictated it was the spirit of Sect, which is at war with every precept of Christianity.

As a natural result, the word Christian has come to have but little or no meaning.

What we should all aim at, is to be *Men*.

And as Christianity is the most robust and manly of all religions, the nearer we approach to its standard, the nearer we shall approach to that of true manhood, and the more entitled, therefore, to be called Men, which is the noblest name that can be applied to human beings.

How much nobler, for example, than Calvinists, Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Trinitarians, Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, Episcopalians, Quakers, Shakers, or what not?

Especially as every one of these names originated in the wretched spirit of party, and has involved the world in endless strife and bloodshed.

True, the name Christian has become very dear to us all, from its sacred association with the greatest and holiest of Beings; but for that reason, if for no other, it should never have become the badge of a Sect.

There has never been but one Christian, and that was Christ himself, whose name no other being should have ventured, in any way, to assume.

Doubtless those who do assume it mean no profanation; they mean nothing more than to use it as the symbol of a party, and for the purpose of distinguishing themselves from the rest of mankind.

But even this purpose is not a good one.

For the human race constitutes one Family; has but one Father; and should never have adopted any sectarian badge to widen the gulf of animosity—always, alas! too wide—that separates man from man.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

LUCY RUSHTON'S THEATRE.

It was Orpheus who raised up a city with his lyre; and, in fine imitation of that expeditious and economical architect, Miss LUCY RUSHTON has succeeded in making a theatre in the reasonable space of sixteen days. You have, of course, read the advertisement—an item of expense, by the way, which our classic friend had not to encounter when his work was done. It is explicit on some points, and encouraging on others—as such documents should be. The house, we are told, was "built" in the number of days already specified—the "entire building" thereof being under the direction of the acting manager and treasurer, Mr. H. H. DAVIS. I am afraid that this statement requires some qualification. At a late hour last night the Church of the Messiah still remained at Nos. 728–730 Broadway. A paltry little porch with a sign on it had, to be sure, been plastered to the front, but the towers frowned grim and black at the parasite, and very properly refused to be cheered by its cheap secularity. Mr. Davis would hardly venture to say that he had built himself a residence on the strength of screwing a name-plate to his door, but the expression would be as correct in the one case as in the other. Moderation in the matter of managerial announcements may fairly be insisted on by the virtuous but seldom happy critic. I remember sir, how you were put to it by that genial gentleman who first taught Matilda Heron the way "to clutch the dramatic diadem at a bound." In a stranger, modesty is not unbecoming, and if I have failed to detect this quality in Mr. Davis it is certainly not from any indisposition to welcome him into the ranks of management, but simply because an average amount of brains tells me that it is impolitic and dangerous to make such statements; statements which are contradicted by the smallest amount of observation.

Every good critic will of course go to church to-night, when the establishment is to be opened, and the lady-lessee exposes her company to the festive light of a patent sun. Let us hope that none of the "stars" may be eclipsed by the effulgence of that luminary. To think that after all we *can* enjoy a pew at a theatre and a box at Grace Church! Last season it was a mere sarcasm in the mouth of a player; now it is a fact. I wonder who's the Sexton.

Sheridan's comedy of "the School for Scandal" has been selected for the occasion,—a bold venture which success will, I hope, justify. The cast is a little curious—Mr. J. K. Mortimer being announced as Joseph Surface and Mr. D. W. Waller as Charles—but the company appears to be creditable in numbers and character. Beside the names already written, there are other favorites of the public, such as Mr. T. Placide, Mr. C. M. Walcot Sen. (if the Sexton's post is still vacant here is the right sort of man for it), Mr. Harry Pearson, Mr. J. Moore, Mr. W. A. Mestayer, etc

The ladies are led by the fair manager, and with her will doubtless find the way to fame. That they may do so is certainly the wish of the subscriber.

THE OPERA.

There is no longer an "African" in Mr. Kingsland's wood-pile. That interesting exotic took itself off on Saturday. Mr. Maretzek has also disappeared from the ken of humanity. He has gone, they say, into the country, with Grover who is in all places at once. When last seen Mr. Maretzek was walking into the HERALD; and when last heard from, he was engaged in the same cheerful occupation. I expect to find him emerging from his retirement one of these days covered all over with ink, and with his pockets bursting with printer's proofs and revises. Nothing can induce me to believe that Max could be tempted to leave the city whilst there was yet a chance of having another fly at his pet enemy. On the whole, the HERALD has, I fancy, undertaken a difficult task. All its batteries have been blazing away at the impresario for three months, without in the slightest degree injuring his works. I do not see how the newspaper-man can devote more space to the matter unless he is willing to issue a daily supplement expressly on the subject. He can do no more than he has done. Maretzek, on the contrary, is master of the situation. He has delivered a few telling blows on his adversary. He has demonstrated that Italian opera can not only get on, but flourish, without the assistance of the HERALD; and inversely that the hostility of that journal is rather beneficial than otherwise to its interests. When Mr. Grau returns to the city we shall perhaps see the value of its direct support. If Mr. Maretzek is a malicious man, he must have enjoyed the extravagant account of the Western manager's progress and success. There is such a thing in newspaper writing as going too far. Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Grau's artists, their success in New York at least has been imperilled by the unscrupulous puffing they have had to endure. The best artists in the world could scarcely bear up against such flummery, and Mr. Grau at least does not pretend that he has the best in the world.

Mr. Maretzek's season was unusually long and brilliant. He gave in all sixty-four entertainments,—without counting his letters to the HERALD. There was not a single disappointment, except on the evening of poor ROVERE's death, when the Academy was closed. The "African" was produced in a creditable way, and achieved the greatest success on record. Finally, (and this feather seems to have broken a certain camel's back) Mr. Maretzek was presented on the last night of the season with a salver, jug and goblet, and an address signed by leading stockholders of the Academy, endorsing his management and paying him many neat compliments. Of course, Mr. Maretzek made a little speech, and of course he took the verdict of the house on the subject of the HERALD-difficulty. It was unanimously in his favor; and so amid ardent offerings and cheery applause, the season came to an end. It recommences on the 1st of February, the night after the 7th Regiment reception and ball, for which I desire that you will procure me a ticket.

THE OLYMPIC.

It is rather late in the day to speak of "Monte Cristo," but I may at least be permitted to record its continued success. This result is due in a great measure to the beautiful scenery, which now works admirably, and distributes itself to the four quarters of the world in the airiest manner, and the capital acting of Mr. E. L. Davenport. The gentleman has the entire weight of the piece on his shoulders, for he derives but little support from his associates, who, to speak the honest truth, do not amount to much. An exception has of course to be made in the case of Mr. Stoddard, who is always good, and has a couple of scenes of great power. There is no strong female *rôle*.

Every one should see "Monte Cristo," just to note how a liberal management can always insure its own success. The drama will undoubtedly enjoy a long run, and certainly merits this distinction.

VARIOUS.

Mr. Lester Wallack announces that he has received a new play from Tom Taylor, which is already in preparation, and in all probability will be produced next week. No one appears to be excited by the fact, especially as the new piece turns out to be nothing but a version of one of Miss Braddon's novels. This is rather small game for a gentleman of Mr. Taylor's standing, but it proves how little is being done on the French and German stages. By the way, it is mentioned that Brougham the indefatigable is engaged on a dramatic version of Dickens' story, "Our Mutual Friend."

Mr. Clarke's engagement is running rapidly to an end at the Winter Garden, and preparations are already rife for the return of Mr. Edwin Booth. This event is fixed for the 8th of January. "Hamlet" is to be the first piece, but it will speedily give place to "Richelieu," which has been prepared in the most lavish manner. Mr. Clarke's long engagement has been unmarked by a single incident of the slightest art-importance. He has played his little round of old characters, in the little mutilated pieces of his choice, to houses that have ranged from good to middling. Next season they will range from middling to bad, for it is apparent that the public wearies of these oft told tales.

At Niblo's Garden, Miss Lucille Western commences a short engagement to-night, appearing as Miami, the Wild Huntress of the Mississippi, in Buckstone's drama of the "Green Bushes." Let us be thankful. It might have been "East Lynne."

There is a Matinée to-day and on Christmas at the Broadway, where "Sam" is still exultant. On Christmas, the entertainment will be heightened as well as lengthened by the addition of Chanfrau's "Mose." Mr. Wood, the manager, announces that he, too, is to have a new theatre. The handsome minstrelsy hall of his namesake, Mr. Henry Wood, has been purchased, and will be transferred into a first-class theatre. It is almost one already. There is room enough for any necessary improvements or enlargements; these will be made in due course, and we shall have another theatre on Broadway. Mr. Henry Wood retires from business.

Barnum is flourishing, and the Bowery theatres, Old and New, are doing prodigiously. These establishments are always favorably affected by the Holidays. Barnum's preparations for next week are more than usually liberal. So, too, are the programmes at the Minstrel Halls, and at the New York Circus in Fourteenth street—one of the best circuses, by the way, that we have had for years.

Let it be remembered, also, that Messrs. Juignet and Grivet, of the Theatre Français, will give a couple of dramatic performances, Wednesday evening, Dec. 27th, and Saturday evening, Dec. 30th, at that cosy little boudoir of a house, the Academy of Music. The pieces to be performed on the 27th are Scribe's *Batgille de Dames*, and Villeneuve's *Ville de Dominique*.

C. B. S.

On Friday next, Mr. De Walden, the renowned author of "Sam" and countless other successes, takes a benefit at the Broadway. On Monday the 15th of January, Manager Wood will open his new theatre (opposite the St. Nicholas) with a spectacular piece composed for the occasion by Mr. De Walden and Mr. House. The leading character will be played by Mr. Chanfrau. A "Magic Fountain," just imported from London, will also play in it. The scenery is to be "magnif," including the representation of an Arion Masked Ball at the Academy of Music. Another attraction at Wood's new theatre—and a very great one—will be the appearance of the Hanlon Brothers, who are now in town rehearsing a series of the most remarkable gymnastic feats ever given in this city.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY AND OUR YOUNG FOLKS, FOR JANUARY.—It is almost enough to say of the New Year's number of the ATLANTIC that it contains the thoughtful and suggestive "Passages from Hawthorn's Note Books." Surely, if they were not to be obtained in this form, there is no reader of the Magazine who would not willingly pay much more than the year's subscription simply to have a look at them. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to announce that they are to be continued for several months. But in addition to this rare chapter of Hawthorniana, the present number of the ATLANTIC—which comes to us, by the way, in handsomer shape than ever—contains contributions by Charles Reade, H. W. Longfellow, William C. Bryant, Donald G. Mitchell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Gail Hamilton, and other hardly less acceptable writers—making it one of the most readable issues from the monthly press that we remember to have seen.

The New Year's number of OUR YOUNG FOLKS is, in its way, equally remarkable,—the principal contributors being Harriet Beecher Stowe (a portrait of whom, in her study, is given as a frontispiece), Lydia Maria Child, Charles Mayne Reid, Charles Dawson Shanly, Jean Ingelow, Margaret Eytinge, Gail Hamilton and Rose Terry.

The first twelve numbers of OUR YOUNG FOLKS have been bound up in a handsome volume which is in such request as a holiday gift that yesterday it was difficult to obtain one even at BRENTANO's, who makes it a rule never to be out of anything. The official agent of the publishers (Mr. B. H. Tickner, 893 Broadway) was all out of them on Thursday.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' new periodical, EVERY SATURDAY, alluded to in another column, will be ready for delivery next week.

KING CHRISTMAS.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

I.

You may crack up King Cole as a merry old soul,
With his fiddles, his pipe, and his glass,
But King Christmas for me! he's the monarch of glee—
Here's his health, and around let it pass.
Soon this monarch renowned, with wild evergreens crowned,
And a plum-pudding orb in his hand,
With a grace all his own, will appear on a throne
Carved out of the "fat of the land."

II.

On a long bill of fare, jolly Christmas will swear
All his lieges to honor his name,
And his heralds, the cooks, from the cookery-books,
A right jovial feast will proclaim.
Every church-bell shall swing, in salute to the King—
From the "trees" showers of bonbons shall rain;
And with knives, spoons, and forks, and whole volleys of corks,
We his Majesty's rites will maintain.

III.

In the market, his aids, armed with glittering blades,
Soon their loins will gird up for the feast,
And ere long their "prize legs" will be hung upon pegs,
With gay ribbons begartered and dressed.
Their fat ribs all arrayed in rosettes, they'll parade—
And their chucks will be all à la mode;
For in Carnival time, on all flesh that is "prime,"
A Carnival dress is bestowed.

IV.

If we're sad all the year, we must be of good cheer,
When the "good cheer" of Christmas is spread;
If the blood seems to clog in the veins, with egg-nog,
Let the roseate current be sped.
If the ladies desire hearts with love to inspire,
Let them see to the "fixings" in time;
For next to their eyes, by the gods! their mince pies
Are most worthy of worship in rhyme!

V.

Epicurean friends! life soon passes and ends;
E'en when stretched into threescore and ten—
And no soul of us knows, when from this world he goes—
Where he next may be jolly—or when.
Then, when Christmas comes round, let all good things abound—
Let us all eat and drink while we can;
Nor forget that "God's poor" stand outside at the door,
As we solace our own "inner man."

THE PIONEER BALL.

Mark Twain, in the Virginia *Enterprise*, gives the following characteristic description of "noticeable costumes" at the Pioneer Ball. It is a clever satire on Jenkins:

Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *patt de foie gras*, made expressly for her, and was greatly admired.

Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the centre of attraction for the gentlemen, and the envy of all the ladies.

Miss G. W. was tastefully dressed in a *toot ensemble*, and was greeted with deafening applause whatever she went.

Mrs. C. N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume, and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by every one.

The charming Miss M. M. B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall, whose exceeding grace and volume compelled the homage of pioneers and emigrants alike. How beautiful she was!

The queenly Mrs. L. R. was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth, and the *bon jour* effect they naturally produced was heightened by her enchanting and well sustained smile. The manner of the lady is charmingly pensive and melancholy, and her troops of admirers desired no greater happiness than to get on the scent of her Sozodont-sweetened sighs, and track her through her sinuous course among the gay and restless multitude.

Miss R. P., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl-button solitaire. The fine contrast between the sparkling vivacity of her natural optic and the steadfast attentiveness of her placid glass eye was the subject of general and enthusiastic remark.

The radiant and sylph-like Mrs. T., late of your State, wore hoops. She showed to good advantage, and created a sensation wherever she appeared. She was the gayest of the gay.

Miss C. L. B. had her fine nose elegantly enameled, and the easy grace with which she blew it from time to time marked her as a cultivated and accomplished woman of the world; its exquisitely modulated tone excited the admiration of all who had the happiness to hear it.

Being offended with Miss X., and our acquaintance having ceased permanently, I will take this opportunity of observing to her that it is of no use for her to be slopping off to every ball that takes place, and flourishing around with a brass oyster-knife skewered through her waterfall, and smiling her sickly smile through her decayed teeth, with her dismal pug nose in the air. There is no use in it—she don't fool anybody. Everybody knows she is old; everybody knows she is repaired (you might almost say built) with artificial bones, and hair, and muscles and things, from the ground up—put together scrap by scrap—and everybody knows, also, that all one would have to do would be to pull out her key-pin and she would go to pieces like a Chinese puzzle. There, now, my faded flower, take that paragraph home with you and amuse yourself with it; and if ever you turn your wart of a nose up at me again, I will sit down and write something that will just make you rise up and howl.

FROM DEBORAH DUNN'S LETTERS IN "THE BOUDOIR."

New York, Dec. 1865.

Let me assure you, my dear Marian, with all respect for the really superior intellect with which nature has endowed you, that your last letter was perfectly absurd. Not that I object to good advice—it is cheap, and seldom interferes with the digestion, probably because it is seldom taken. But what can an only daughter of parents in good circumstances, living in a small city, know of the necessities of a family like ours in this great city of New York. You seem to look upon twenty-four hundred a year as a princely salary for poor Pa. Why my dear ignoramus (excuse me, but really, under the circumstances) our house rent is exactly half that sum. Now a part of the remainder has to go toward paying old debts, or interest on debts, or something of the sort (I don't understand such matters, but I know poor Pa owes a great deal of money, and that he has worried about it ever since I can remember, and I think that's why he don't mind being snubbed, and never looks anybody straight in the face, and has got into a shuffling kind of walk, as if he was trying to put himself out of sight). So you see it don't leave a vast amount to feed and clothe five girls, to say nothing of Rob, who is not much expense in the way of clothes, to be sure, as uncle Robert's cast-off's are made up for him, being all he has ever got for his name, but he eats more than all five of us put together. And then there's Pa, and Ma, and the servant. We usually say servants to our friends, but I don't mind saying servant to you. It is a wonder how Ma makes it do, and the fact is she could not not make it do, if we girls did not buy nearly all our own clothes.

You will not tell anybody, I know, for I wouldn't for the world have it known in our set, but we do sometimes make nice little sums of money. We don't go out teaching, or anything of that sort, because that would only be publishing our poverty to the world, and making ourselves ridiculous. But there are genteel employments which ladies can do at home, and their most intimate friends be never the wiser. This is one of the advantages of living in a large city. I don't believe you could do this in a small city, and in the country it would be impossible. Mary colors photographs; two zephyr stores keep Helen supplied with all the crocheting and knitting she cares to do; and Susie embroiders beautifully. Now you must not suppose the two latter communicate directly with—with the persons for whom they do this beautiful work. Not at all. A nice-looking old Scotch woman, who lived with us once as a servant, and now has something we will never have, I fear—a house of her own—gets the work, and receives the money, and no questions asked, and all parties satisfied. Mary obtains her photographs directly from the gallery, but the secret is in safe hands.

Nobody expects anything from Jemima. Poor girl! She is in pretty much the same condition as when you saw her. It is a lucky thing that Eliza and Augusta are married, for they are both so dull I don't believe they would find anything they could do.

As for me, I have no objection to everybody knowing how I employ my time. It is not only genteel to be an authoress, but really quite *distingué*. Therein I have greatly the advantage over my sisters. Ma often remarks to our visitors: "Excuse a mother's pride, but don't you think that poem of Deborah's in the last Monsoon is very sweet?" or, "Isn't that Christmas story of my dear Deborah's very much admired." But I never heard her ask if they had seen that lovely breakfast shawl in L——'s window, knit by her dear Helen, or remark that the beautiful infant's robe that her dear Susie embroidered for D—— had been much admired.

It is true that so far I have not been able to make much money—next to none, in fact—but then I have great expectations. None of the girls can dispute that, whatever else they may say. Neither can they accuse me of being idle. I have written a great deal, and sent my productions all over the country, North, South, East, or West, to every journal I could hear of, literary and scientific, and political and religious, and comic and serious. Every weekly paper, and every magazine in the country has at least one specimen of my handwriting, except, indeed, the medical journals. I have never favored them yet, but I think it likely that some day I will "read up," and prepare an article for one of them on some lively topic, such as *tic dolareux*. Those who are "unable to pay for contributions" generally publish my articles with the greatest promptitude, and even devote a portion of their valuable space to my praise. But those who do pay for contributions generally return me a printed note—*printed*, Marian, just think of the impertinence of the thing—in which the editor informs me that he is much obliged for the pleasure of reading the manuscript (oh, yes! of course, very much indeed!) but, &c., &c., &c., is obliged respectfully to decline it. I have a very valuable collection of these notes, which it is quite *amusing* to read over occasionally. "But it is a well-known fact that it is a work of time to make a literary reputation (except sometimes by a lucky hit). But once made (thus I discourse to the family in our little back sitting room, were no visitors are ever admitted) it is the easiest and speediest way of making money. You dash off a short poem, and behold! twenty five dollars. You spend a couple of weeks writing a story, which, instead of being a task is a real pleasure, and lo! a cool hundred comes rolling into your pocket."

Here Rob, who from his stool by the fire has been watching his chance, gives a sniff, and says: "It will be cool enough, I guess, before it gets to your pocket."

I seldom notice Rob's interruptions. Pa and Ma have not trained him properly, and he is disposed to be rude. So I continue: "It is a pleasant thought, and consoling to every benevolent heart, that the next generation will not be forced to buy an extra pocket handkerchief in which to weep tears of grief over the sufferings of our many men of genius. They all make money."

"All that don't do you any good," says Susie. "so long as you don't get any money yourself."

"I am making my reputation," I reply, with dignity, "and besides you know I do make money. Didn't I once make fourteen dollars in one afternoon?"

I did once, when my heart was full of tears, and when my whole system was quivering like a wind-swept chord—charged, as I may say, with the electricity of passion—I did write a story, a sketch more properly. It was the conductor which carried off the electricity—the vent for the tears that would not flow. I felt better after it, and without reading it over I thrust it out of sight in my desk, and locked it up. A long time afterwards, when the cause of my emotion and tears had faded into a dim memory, at a time when I had more need of money than usual, I took it out of its hiding place and sent it to a periodical that I had favored in this way several times before but without success. To my surprise, the little sketch was published, and what was more astonishing, I received for it fourteen dollars. This I triumphantly showed to the family as the result of only three hour's work, and for a long time, until the remembrance of this grand success was lost in repeated defeats, the girls had a great respect for me, for it would have required numberless stitches and many days for either of them to realize fourteen dollars. This incident in my life has done an effective service. It is the faithful ally on whom I call whenever I am cornered."

Now you must not suppose because I talk this way in our back sitting-room, I have no higher ambition than to make money by my effusions. But it is useless to talk *there* about fame or social reforms, or any thing of that kind. You might as well gather the tribe of Sioux Indians together, and read to them *The Whole Duty of Man*. Nothing passes current in our back sitting-room but money and hard facts. In the parlor now it is somewhat otherwise. We talk so differently in the parlor, indeed, that sometimes I do not recognize the family at all, and wonder if these people can be any connections of that other family upstairs in the back sitting-room. It is a very good thing on the whole that Rob has taken a disgust to the parlor, never honoring it with his presence, except when, as he expresses it, "there's lots of fun aboard." For, if we frequented that apartment, and made the acquaintance of the family there, he might draw comparisons between them and the family upstairs, which would be, to say the least, embarrassing.

Not long ago, Susie one day showed me with an air of great pride, two ten dollar bills she had just received for embroidering an opera cloak. "Now where's your money for the long poem you were writing last week?" said she. "I am going to buy materials for my winter bonnet" (we always make our own bonnets), "and where's yours to come from, I'd like to know! You'll have to do up your old one."

I glanced carelessly at the bills (although I envied her), and said quietly: "Oh, you have got some money. It is not much, but I am very glad you have it. If I got paid for my writings, I could make twenty dollars while you are making one."

"Yes, but you don't get paid for them," said Susie.

"Susie," said I, pettishly, for I was provoked at the self-conceit of the girl, comparing her paltry embroidery with a poem, "you know very well that I am making my reputation. This is the seed time, and you will soon see how plentiful the harvest will be."

"You have been saying that for the last six years," said Susie.

"Well, and haven't there been indications?" I replied. "Did I not once make fourteen dollars in one afternoon, and since—"

Here Susie flounced out of the room in one of her passions. But she got back in time for supper with such a radiant countenance, and her cabas filled with satin, and velvet, and lace, and flowers, for she had bought materials for my bonnet as well as her own. Well, Susie is a good girl, though she is apt to be a little conceited and obstinate.

Somehow that is the way things always turn out. I read aloud my productions in the back sitting-room in the evenings, while the girls are at their work, and Ma and Jemima are patching old clothes, and Pa has his pipe, and there is such a smoke around him that I really can't tell when he is nodding in approbation of my story, or nodding in his dreams; and Rob sits on his stool, and nurses the cat: and when I get through, they all of them, even Rob, whom I fear more than all the rest, pronounce it be-e-autiful; sup-p-lendid! charming! and say so much in its praise that I immediately announce that I am going to send it to such a magazine; and then somebody wonders "what it will bring?" Upon this Rob searches for a number of the magazine, and estimates the number of pages it will require of the manuscript to make one of the magazine, and at ten dollars a page it will come to so much. It is such a large sum for any of us to have at one time, that poor Pa stares at me through the smoke, and Ma calls me her "dear girl," and the others begin to speculate as to what I will do with my money, while I sit silent, endeavoring to conceal the self-importance and delight I feel.

But the money don't come, and by and by one of the girls will give me a fan, and another a neck ribbon, and another a collar, and poor Pa will say: "I must try to get my Debby a dress. She mustn't be put in the shade with her sister's finery." That is the way it always is. But I console myself thinking what I will do for them when my money begins to come in, for, after it once begins, it will come in very fast. My fugitive pieces will clothe all the girls handsomely. Two successful novels will buy a pretty place in the country for Pa and Ma. And so I accept their bounties now, knowing that I can repay them with interest in the future.

I did not say all this to Susie the other day, when I thanked her for the bonnet. She is a great talker, and in the evenings, in our back sitting-room, she tells everything she has said or done through the day, as if it was a matter of the most momentous importance, and she challenged the world to produce its like. I wonder if she will discourse upon her love affairs, when she has any, as freely as she does upon all other topics. I think it very likely. Nothing surprises me that people do while in love. I knew a young girl, very sensible in every other affair of life, who loved a man who was in love with a lady who did not love him. Now, the women folks know that in such a case as this the game is in the hands of Number One, and she is bound to win, unless she bungles most terribly. But this young girl took it into her head that the woman to whom this man had given his heart would make him happier than she could. (Can you imagine such insanity?) She took a great deal of pains, overcame many obstacles that she might make the acquaintance and win the confidence of her favored rival, in order to forward the young man's suit; and she never rested until she stood with them before the altar, and saw them married! And he was a young man of property and position. I knew another (but this one lived in the country) who laid by all the money she made by an occupation that was distasteful to her, that she might furnish her lover with a little capital with which to commence business. He was a worthless fellow, too, and small capital

would he ever have accumulated for himself. And then——

But I will write about that another time. I am sure I don't know how I came to write about love when I intended to write about money. Not so very strange either, for in our set the two things are always found together. Now there's my sister Augusta who "married for love." So she and her husband say, and they surely ought to know. But I happened to be behind the scenes on that occasion, and I know that before Solomon Dudley came to the city she told me that she had made up her mind that he should marry her. "Why! what do you know about him?" said I, very much surprised. Now, as she married him for love, you may reasonably conclude that she broke out into a rapturous description of his person, manner, and various charms of mind, or soul, or body.

Not a bit of it. She had no idea whether he was tall, or short, black, blue, or green. She counted his qualities on her four fingers, thus: his father is rich; he is going into business with his uncle who will push him; he is a good business man; he will be, by all odds, the best match in our set, and all the girls will be crazy to get him. Well! he came, and proved to be a middle-sized, light-haired, weak-eyed young man, passable enough—with a fair moral character. Augusta skilfully threw out her lines, and soon brought her fish to land, as she had predicted. They were engaged for some months, and he used to spend his evenings with us (not in the back sitting-room—to this day he has never seen the inside of that), and he bored us unmercifully, and Augusta most of all. Finally, they got married, and we are happily rid of him, and so is Augusta, for he is too busy making money to give her much of his time. He gives her what is much more valuable though—a handsome establishment, and fine clothes, and they are as happy as clams at high tide. This may be one kind of love. I don't know, but I think it is a very different kind from that mentioned above.

Now, Jemima—but I forget. You have never heard Jemima's story. I will tell it to you now. No, I won't. I will save it for my next ——.

TO ——

I.

Low darts the light across the western wold,
Long quivering beams lie on the silent sea,
The East is blue, the West is wrapped in gold,
Wrapped as my spirit is, in love for thee!

II.

From the blue waves the sunbeams melt away;
Above the far horizon's rim I see
One faint white sail against the fading day,
As faint and cold as is thy love for me!

MARY DE VERE.

[OFFICIAL.]

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

WM. H. SEWARD,

SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

all to whom these presents may come, greeting:

Know ye, that whereas the Congress of the United States on the 1st of February last passed a resolution which is in the words following, namely:

"A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved by the Senate and House Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, (two-thirds of both houses concurring,)* That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as a part of the said Constitution, namely:

"ARTICLE XIII.

"SECTION 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"SECTION 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

And whereas it appears from official documents on file in this Department that the amendment of the Constitution of the United States proposed, as aforesaid, has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia—in all twenty-seven States.

And whereas the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-six; and whereas the before specially-named States, whose legislatures have ratified the said proposed constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States:

Now, therefore be it known that I, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress, approved the twentieth of April, eighteen hundred and eighteen, entitled "An act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States, and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid, to all intents and purposes, as a part of the Constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the Department of State to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this eighteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight [L. S.] hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninetieth.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Mr. William Hanlon has returned from Europe, and is now in town with his brothers. If a suitable hall can be obtained, they will repeat here their new gymnastic entertainment with which they made such a sensation at the South and West.

How To BECOME A REAL ESTATE AGENT.—Marry a rich wife.

(For the Saturday Press.)

MY LOVE AND I.

There's nothing on Earth too humble,
There's nothing in Heaven too high,
To minister unto spirits
That love like my Love and I!

We could do without the sunlight,
Should ever it cease to shine,
For I am warmth to his spirit,
And he is light to mine!

No vows have we ever uttered,
Such love can never be told,
Till speech is as sweet as silence,
Or silver as precious as gold!

MARY FREEMAN GOLDBECK.

BOOKS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

AND

OUR YOUNG FOLKS,

FOR

JANUARY, 1866,

ARE NOW READY.

The contents of the "ATLANTIC" are as follows:

Passages from Hawthorne's Diary; Castles in the Air; Beauty and the Beast; the Wilderness; the Bells of Lynn, Heard at Nahant; the High Tide of December; Lucy's Letters; Doctor Johns; Wind the Clock; the Kingdom Coming; the Chimney Corner for 1866; Griffith Gaunt, II; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Among the contributors to this number are HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, W. C. BRYANT, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, CHARLES READE, BAYARD TAYLOR, DONALD G. MITCHELL, Mrs. H. B. STOWE, author of Life in the Iron Mills, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, ANNE H. BREWSTER, and H. RICH.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Contains the following articles:

The Three Lights, by Mrs. A.D.T. Whitney; the Two Christmas Evenings, by L. Maria Child; the Inequalities of Fortune, by Gail Hamilton; the Tale of Two Knights I., by Charles Dawson Shanly; the Tiny Mahogany Box, by Margaret Eytinge; a Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the author of Faith Gartney's Girlhood; An Old Legend, by Rose Terry; the Hen that Hatched Ducks, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Two Ways of Telling a Story, by Jean Ingelow; an Adventure in the Vermillion Sea, by Capt. Mayne Reid; Harriet Beecher Stowe.

This Number contains a fine steel portrait of Mrs. Stowe and twenty-one illustrations from drawings on wood.

TERMS OF THE MAGAZINES:

THE ATLANTIC. Four Dollars per year for single subscriptions.

CLUB RATES.—Two Copies for seven Dollars; Five Copies for Sixteen Dollars: Ten Copies for Thirty Dollars; and each additional copy Three Dollars. For every Club of twenty subscribers an extra copy will be furnished *gratis*, or twenty-one copies for Sixty dollars

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Two Dollars per year for single subscriptions.

CLUBS. Three Copies for Five Dollars; Five Copies for eight Dollars; Ten Copies for Fifteen Dollars; Twenty Copies for Thirty Dollars; and an extra copy *gratis* to the person forming the club of twenty.

THE TWO MAGAZINES.—The Atlantic and Our Young Folks will be sent to one address for Five Dollars

POSTAGE must be paid at the office where the magazines are received.

All Subscriptions are payable in Advance.

All letters respecting the magazines should be addressed to the Publishers,

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
124 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

For sale by American News Company, wholesale agents, and by B.H. TICKNOR, No. 423 Broadway, N. Y., retail Agent for the sale of Ticknor & Fields' publications.

MERRY'S MUSEUM,

The Children's Old Friend.

Its 20th year commences with January, 1866, and

CONTAINS THE BEST STORIES, DESCRIPTIONS, Essays, Poems, Pictures, and Puzzles. Prizes given Monthly for Solving Puzzles, and Valuable Premiums for obtaining New Subscribers; also, liberal inducements as Agents. A fine Steel Engraving of LIEUT. GEN. GRANT will be sent in the January number to all new subscribers.

$1.50 per Year in Advance. 15 cts. single copies.

Address J. N. STEARNS, 111 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

THE WONDERFUL TALE ENTITLED;

HERMAN:

OR,

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

Which sent an electric thrill through every reader, as it appeared, from week to week, in the National Era, is in press, and will soon be published in two handsome 12mo vols., by

LEE & SHEPARD,

149 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

☞ Advance orders from the trade solicited.

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866,

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS will begin the publication of a Weekly Journal, entitled

Every Saturday;

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING,

SELECTED FROM

FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

Much of the best literature of the day is found in the English and Continental magazines and periodicals, and it is the design of the publishers of this new journal to reproduce the choicest selections from these for American readers, in a form at once attractive, and inexpensive. The Publishers believe that such a journal, conducted upon the plan which they propose, will be not only entertaining and instructive in itself, but interesting and valuable as a reflex of foreign periodical literature of the better class.

EVERY SATURDAY is intended for Town and Country, for the Fireside, the Seaside, the Railway, and the Steamboat. Its plan embraces

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE,
ESSAYS CRITICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE,
SERIAL TALES, SHORT STORIES,
POEMS, BIOGRAPHIES,
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, etc.

in connection with judicious selections from the admirable popular papers on Science, which are constantly appearing in foreign periodicals. The value of these papers arises from the fact that scientific subjects, however harsh and dry in themselves, are here treated in so graphic and picturesque a style as to charm the reader while instructing him.

It will be, in short, the aim of its publishers that EVERY SATURDAY shall commend itself by its freshness and variety to all classes of intelligent and cultivated readers.

EVERY SATURDAY will contain each week

Thirty-Two Large Octavo Pages,

handsomely printed in double columns, with an engraved title.

TERMS:

SINGLE NUMBERS, 10 CENTS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $5,00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

MONTHLY PARTS will be issued, containing 128 pages each, handsomely bound in an attractive cover, price 50 cents. Subscription price, $5 00 per year in advance.

CLUBBING ARRANGEMENT—Subscribers to any of the other periodicals published by Ticknor & Fields will receive EVERY SATURDAY for $4 00 per year, in advance

TICKNOR & FIELDS,

PUBLISHERS,

124 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Subscriptions received by B. H. TICKNOR, No. 323 Broadway, N. Y.

GEORGE G. CLAPP,

64 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Agent for the Purchase and Sale of RARE and VALUABLE BOOKS, PICTURES ENGRAVINGS, ETCHINGS, &c.

MONUMENTS OF ART.

SHOWING ITS

DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS

FROM THE

EARLIEST ARTISTIC ATTEMPTS

TO THE

PRESENT PERIOD

IN TWO VOLUMES

Text by

PROF. DR. WILLIAM LUBKE,

of Berlin, and

DR. CHARLES FR. A. VON LUTROW

of Munich.

Published by EMIL SEITZ, GIBSON'S BUILDING, Broadway, cor. of 13th Street, NEW YORK.

MONUMENTS OF ART.—Emil Seitz, of this city, has published a very sumptuous work, entitled "Monuments of Art, showing its development and Progress from the Earliest Artistic Attempts to the Present Period." It is a series, comprised in two large folio volumes, of outline engravings of almost everything valuable which remains to us of ancient art—that is to say of works of architecture, painting and sculpture, and of the most valuable and characteristic works of modern art in these departments. It enables those who inspect the series to follow ancient art from its rude origin to its highest perfection, and from its perfection to its decline and degradation, and then to behold art reviving in modern times and passing through various changes to its present condition. It is a most rich and varied collection, and may be said of itself to form a perfect history of the fine arts, so far as the element of the design is concerned. An octavo volume of explanations, translated into English from the German, accompanies the engravings.—*N. Y. Evening Post*

"The literature of art is becoming popular. Citizens are asking for books of instruction in the history, the philosophy, and the criticism of art. At this point of time, it has seemed to those best informed, that a history of art, by its monuments, would meet a great want, and tend to carry forward the education of the public mind. It is fortunate that such a work already exists, and needs but little modification to fit it for the American public. The gentlemen whose names appear on the title-page, are among the most eminent in their several departments, in Germany. The work was issued under the general direction of Professor KUGLER. Those who are acquainted with his Hand Book of Art, and other admirable contributions to the literature of art, will need no other guarantee for the excellence of this work. Should lectures upon art become a part of the academic course of education, THIS WORK WILL SUPPLY AN INDISPENSABLE AID. It will serve Schools and female Seminaries in which instruction is already given in this interesting part of culture.

"But its special place will be found in THE FAMILY When once it shall becomeknown, we believe that no private library, however select, will be deemed at all well furnished without this admirable Pictorial Exhibition of the progress of art from the earliest day to our own."—*H. W. Beecher*

RANDOLPH,

770 BROADWAY, COR. 9TH ST., EAST SIDE,

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOOKS,

IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

RELIGIOUS, STANDARD,

AND MISCELLANEOUS

LITERATURE,

IN PLAIN AND LIBRARY BINDINGS.

JUVENILE BOOKS,

in very great variety.

NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

JAMES PARTON,

In 9 vols. Crown 8vo. With steel portraits, including
LIFE OF AARON BURR, 2 vols.
LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, 3 vols.
LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 2 vols.
GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS, 1 vol.
HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. 1 vol.

Prices; Cloth, extra, $25 50; Half calf or half morocco, $39.

"So sympathetic, so painstaking, so indefatigable is this biographer, that the reader may differ from him on a hundred points without ever losing patience; may condemn his views as narrow and his judgment as precipitate, yet delight in the fullness of his information, the patience of his research, the freshness of his style, and heartily rejoice that our country's notables have found so competent and lucid a limner. There have been at least thirty attempts at the life of Gen. Jackson, not one of which, except Mr. Parton's, will ever be looked through after the year 1900; and with the sole exception of Franklin's own inimitable outline, and the summaries embodied in encyclopedias and compends of biography, no one will hereafter read any life of Franklin but Parton's."—*Horace Greeley*.

"He is unwearied in his search for facts; he has the faculty of grasping the significance of his materials so as to gain a clear idea of the man who is to be presenteg to his readers; he is unswervingly honest—presentint the man as he believes him to have really been, no merely as he should or might have been."—*Harper's Weekly*.

We read his his history with more interest than romance itself awakens—*New York Observer*.

He throws his whole heart into the subject; masters and exhausts all accessible material and, tireless himself, never never allows his reeders to tire.—*Springfield Republican*.

No library of American books, public or private, can be complete without these biographers of representative Americans, exhibiting as they do, untiring powers of research, in combination with singular simplicity, sprightliness and vividness of narrative style.—*Boston Transcript*.

Our best writer of biography.—*New York Independent*.

A writer of whom the people of the United States have reason to be proud.—*London Athenæum*.

The ablest biographer of his time.—*American Baptist*.

One of the few who can be lengthy and yet not grow wearisome.—*New York Christian Advocate*.

Doubtless to be regarded as our most able and popular writer of biography.—*American Publisher's Circular*.

His pages have all the fascination of romance, yet we cannot but feel that every statement has been subjected to the severest scrutiny.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

The interest of the reader is sustained as in a skillful fiction.—*N. Y. World*

It would be easy to fill volumes with highly appreciated criticisms of Mr. Parton's works.

Published by

MASON BROTHERS,

No. 508 Broadway,

646 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 1323 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA

LITERARY AGENCY

FOR

American and Foreign Publications.

F. LEYPOLDT,

PUBLISHER, BOOKSELLER, AND IMPORTER,

Special Agent for the B. TAUCHNITZ (Leipzig) Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics; the TAUCHNITZ Collection of British Authors; the DIDOT'S (Paris) Greek Classics, with Latin translations; the DIDOT'S French Authors, etc.; URBINO'S; also, DE VRIES, IBARRAS & Co.'s (Boston) Books for the study of Foreign Languages, etc., etc.

ORDERS FORWARDED BY EVERY STEAMER.

Invoices received regularly from England, France, and Germany.

PUBLISHED BY F. LEYPOLDT:

Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy and Switzerland, cloth		$1.75
Mendelssohn's Letters from 1833–1847,	"	1.75
Mendelssohn's Life, by Lampadius, with portrait	"	1.75
Life of Chopin, by Liszt, with portrait	"	1.25
Polko's Musical Sketches	"	1.50
The Art Principle (teaching Music)		40
Life of Philidor, Musician and Chessplayer, by Prof. George Allen, cloth	"	1.50
Schiller's Works, 2 volumes,	"	7.00
Schiller's Poems,	"	1.50
Heine's Book of Songs	"	1.75
Heine's Pictures of Travel	"	2.00
Humboldt's Letters to a Lady	"	1.25

by F. LEYPOLDT,

Publisher and Importer,

646 Broadway New York

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

596 BROADWAY.

The British Fine Arts Publishing Co.

Have on hand a large variety of First Class English ENGRAVINGS of Works of the most popular modern artists, fine Proof and Print Impressions at moderate prices, on view at their Gallery, 596 Broadway.

First class FRAMES of every style made to order.

ROSS & GENESE, MANAGERS.

AN ELEGANT BOOK

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

JUST PUBLISHED BY

C. SCRIBNER & Co 124 Grand street,

NEW YORK.

THE BOOK OF RUBIES.

A Collection of the most notable Love Poems in the English Language. In one volume, crown octavo, printed by Alvord, in two colors, on superfine extra calendered tinted paper, bound in extra illuminated cloth, full gilt, price $7; the same in Turkey Morocco, antique or extra, $10. Put up in a neat box.

There is no Love Poem of note omitted, and, with all those gems long known to the public, there are numerous others hitherto overlooked because of the demerits of the authors in other fields of literary labor, or because they were the single songs of those who never sung well but once. Arrayed with reference to the dates at which the authors flourished, the poems furnish a fair view of the progress of erotic poetry, and allow a comparison of styles and merit not to be otherwise attained, except by laborious and not over-profitable reading. Every shade of human passion, except the sensual, is illustrated; and it confers credit on the editor to see how happily pure is the result of his labors.

☞ Copies sent by mail or express, freight paid, on receipt of price, by

C. SCRIBNER & CO.

---

708. 708.

Praesto et Persto! Nunquam Dormio!

ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS ADVERTISED IN THE TRIBUNE, TIMES, POST, AND SATURDAY PRESS, FROM A DIME NOVEL TO THE HIGHEST CLASS OF LITERATURE ARE CONSTANTLY FOR SALE AT MY NEWS EMPORIUM.

AUGUST BRENTANO,

708 BROADWAY,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE NEW YORK HOTEL.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est!

708 708.

CATALOGUE

OF A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF

RARE, CURIOUS, AND VALUABLE BOOKS,

NOW ON SALE, AT THE MODERATE PRICES ANNEXED

Sent gratis to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp to prepay postage

GEO. P. PHILES & Co.,
No. 64 Nassau St., New York

PFAFF'S!! PFAFF'S!!

No. 653 BROADWAY.

MOST CELEBRATED RESTAURANT IN THE COUNTRY

THE BEST WINES.

THE BEST LAGER BIER.

THE BEST VIANDS

THE BEST WAITERS.

THE BEST COMPANY.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

THE COOLEST AND PLEASANTEST

SUMMER GARDEN

IN THE CITY.

THE GROUNDS CROWDED DAY AND NIGHT.

EVERYBODY WHO COMES TO TOWN GOES

ONCE TO

PFAFF'S.

No. 653 BROADWAY

CHOICE IMPORTED BOOKS

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

J. W. BOUTON, h[illegible] recently returned from Europe, begs to call the attention of collectors and the public to his selections made while [illegible] consisting of fine copies of

STANDARD, [illegible]

[illegible] WORKS,

Among which will be found [illegible] of the following—DIBDIN'S WORKS; RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, 18 [illegible]; PERCY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS [illegible] PALACE OF PLEASURES [illegible] AND NOBLE AUTHORS, 5 vols. [illegible]; RAPHAEL'S FRESCOE IN THE [illegible] BIBLE, 7 vols., folio; [illegible] vols.; CUNNINGHAM'S LIVES [illegible] ENGLISHMEN, 18 vols., 400 extra [illegible] EARTH, 3 vols., 4to.; GROSS'S [illegible] folio; LODGE'S PORTRAITS, 12 [illegible] PITTI GALLERY 4 vols., folio; FLA[illegible] 4 vols., folio; MUSEE FRANCA[illegible] 6 vols., folio; BOYDELL'S SH[illegible] GALLERY; DUGDALE'S MONAST[illegible] 3 vols.; NICHOLS'S ANECD[illegible] GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 211 vols. [illegible] choice collection of PICKERING'S, and the CHISWICK PRESS PUBLICATIONS; ILLUMINATED MISSALS, etc., etc., all of which are now on [illegible] for SALE by

J. W. BOUTON, No 481 Broadway, New York.

*** Priced Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of a stamp to pay postage.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA Vetustissima:

A DESCRIPTION OF WORK

RELATING TO

AMERICA,

Printed between the years 1492 & 1551.

The design of this publication is to give a critical account of all the works relating to America, which have been published in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, France, England, Holland, and Mexico, from the time of the discovery by Columbus to the year 1551.

Upwards of two hundred titles (where Ternaux has fifty eight, and Rich only twenty) have been collected, and copied from the original works themselves, nearly all of which are in the possession of several well known American collectors, who allowed the use of those extremely rare books in the preparation of this volume.

The entire title-page and colophon of every work will be given, together with minute collations, and a translation into English of all titles and extracts, descriptions of the maps and vocabularies, a succinct notice of the author, editor or printer, an index, introduction, and copious references to the various historical and bibliographical works in which the book has been previously mentioned or described, from Gesner to Graesse.

The work will form one volume large octavo.

The edition will be limited to five hundred copies, ninety-nine of which will be printed on large paper, and issued early in the ensuing autumn.

PRICE for Subscribers only, *large paper*, $20 per Copy
" " " *small paper*, $10 "

All subscriptions should be addressed to the publishers,

GEO. P. PHILES & CO.,
No. 64 Nassau St., New York,

THE PHILOBIBLION.

A

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL;

CONTAINING CRITICAL NOTICES OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM RARE, CURIOUS, AND VALUABLE OLD BOOKS.

Printed on India paper.

2 vols. Small 4to. New York, 1862-1863. $5.00.

"The work is full of desultory gossip about books which the circle that whilom assembled at the house of 'Atticus' in the good times past, when Dr. Dibdin chronicled the doings of the lovers of books in his 'BIBLIOMANIA' and 'DECAMERON,' would have delighted in; and many curious and interesting manuscript marginal notes by men whose opinions are worthy of perpetuation, are embalmed in the pages of 'THE PHILOBIBLION,' which will ever give them a lasting value in the estimation of scholars."—THE READER, *Lond.*, *Oct.* 1, 1864.

Only few copies remaining on hand, for sale by

GEO. P. PHILES & CO.,
64 Nassau St., New York

TO BE ISSUED IN A FEW DAYS,

NUMBER I. OF THE

NEW COMIC PAPER,

"THE LITTLE JOKER,"

REPLETE WITH

FUN, WIT, HUMOR, AND SATIRE

☞ Among numerous others, the following will contribute to its columns:

ARTEMUS WARD,
ORPHEUS C. KERR,
JOSEPH BARBER, ETC.

SUBSCRIPTION:

50 CENTS, for TWELVE MONTHS,
38 " " SIX "
25 " " THREE "

Address, ROBERT W. WILLIS,
New York Post Office.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A Prize of FIFTY DOLLARS will be given for

THE BEST OPENING POEM,

To be sent in before the 25th of December,

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-two first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with two hundred and sixty-nine pianos, from all parts of the world.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, in all their grands and highest-priced square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that they have determined to introduce their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Extract from the Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS:

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch

We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.

S. B. MILLS,	WM. MASON,	J. N. PATTISON,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,	ROBERT HELLER,	A. H. PEASE,
HENRY C. TIMM,	WM. BERGE,	THEO. EISFELD,
GEO. W. MORGAN,	H. MUSIC,	C. BERGMANN,
THEO. THOMAS,	CARL ANSCHUTZ	MAX MARETZEK.

STEINWAY & SONS'

WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

PRESENTS OF TASTE!

BIRTHDAY, BRIDAL AND HOLIDAY GIFTS.

THE RUGGLES GEMS.

A choice collection of these exquisite miniature and cabinet

OIL PAINTINGS,

OF

AMERICAN SCENERY,

from sketches made from nature, by

RUGGLES,

now on view and for sale at

CHAS. L. JONES'S,

843 BROADWAY.

TRADE MARK,

OF THE

MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All Ruffles of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company.

The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made, of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers

For sale by all the Principal Jobbers and Retailers.

Office of Company,

95 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED IN 1823

VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,

(SUCCESSORS TO A. RANKIN & CO.,)

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HOSIERY, UNDER-GARMENTS

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

No 98 BOWERY, No. 939 BROADWAY

AND

No. 165 FIFTH AVENUE,

(Corner of 22d street.)

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EST 1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate
They create a healthy appetite
They are an antidote to change of water and diet
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and saloons. Only genuine when cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,

21 Park Row New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon. The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation
It cools, softens, and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers.

ery lady should have. Sold everywhere. Tr e nolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne fumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,

Prop's. Exclusive Agents N. Y.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

Fifty-five Medals, viz: Gold, Silver and Bronze, have been awarded to these PIANOS

FIRST PREMIUM OVER ALL COMPETITION

OPINIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America."

GOTTSCHALK.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos superior to in the world."

WELL.

"I believe that in every particular your Pianos are uperior to any I have ever seen in this country or s urope."

SATTER.

"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled."

HABELL.

"I always use and always recommend your Pianos my pupils and friends."

MUZIO.

"I consider your Pianos the finest I have ever played upon."

REASONS WHY THEY ARE THE BEST.

Immense Capital with which to obtain the best workmen; to keep on hand stocks of the best material, to be seasoned for years.

Factory.—The largest in the world, occupying five acres of ground, and its united floors 60 feet wide and a mile and a quarter in length.

Machinery.—The most complete and expensive of any Piano Factory in the country, many parts without a duplicate, being invented expressly by the elder Mr Chickering.

Experience.—With these advantages, after the labor of a half century, during which time they have manufactured thirty thousand Pianos, they now offer the public an entire new scale Piano, the most perfect ever made.

Result.—Messrs. Chickering & Sons are now making more Pianos than any firm in the United States, and

Export to Europe yearly a large number of instruments which are used by the leading artists of the day. Their reputation has become WORLD-WIDE.

WAREROOMS,

652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

AND

246 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

AT R. H. MACY'S.

JUST RECEIVED. THE FALL IMPORTATION OF OUR POPULAR FRENCH KID GLOVES, FOR LADIES, GENTS, AND MISSES. FINEST QUALITY, CHOICE SHADES, AND AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN THE CITY. 204 AND 206 SIXTH AVENUE, NEAR FOURTEENTH STREET.

JAQUES'

Extracted

Perfumeries for the Handkerchief.

They come from Flowers which are

"DAY STARS! that ope their eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altar sprinkle,
As a libation!"

"Pond Lily," "May Flower," "Garden Lavender," "Rose Leaf Geranium," "Bouquetia," "Patchoulie," Also, "Talbot Musk," and "Jockey Club," Jaques' Perfumery is the best in the market.

Wholesale agency, A. MUNROE, Agent
185 Broadway.

AWAY WITH SPECTACLES.

OLD EYES MADE NEW.

Without aid of doctor or medicine. Pamphlet sent by all, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

E. B. FOOTE, M.D.,
No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

MRS. EMMA GILLINGHAM, BOSTWICK, having returned to New York to reside, will receive pupils for [illegible] No. 228 Fifth Avenue, [illegible] Pianoforte Soiree, [illegible] and appointments may be made by letter, &c.

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 AND 110 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital..... $1,000,000
Surplus, over..... 400,000

INSURES

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

ALSO, AGAINST ALL

MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS
ON CARGO OR FREIGHT.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without liability, or if not declared, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,
R. M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President,
E. A. STANBURY, 2d Vice-President,
C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS!

THE

"TRAVELLERS" OF HARTFORD

is the

OLDEST ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. IN AMERICA

Cash Assets, Sept. 1865..... .....$552,371 45.

Policies issued in sums of $500 to $10,000, with compensation from $3 to $50 per week, in terms of One Month to Five Years, insuring against

Accidents of All Kinds,

whether travelling or not; whether in the car, coach or steamboat, or outside, walking, hunting, fishing, swimming, etc.

RATES OF PREMIUM LOW,

☞ A protective insurance against loss of life or injury by accident, anywhere and at all times. No medical examination required.

INSURE IN THE ORIGINAL

TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

☞ Over 25,000 policies issued, up to Oct. 1, and upwards of 450 losses paid within the year, including the large sum of $36,000 to twelve policy-holders, for a total premium of less than $300.

RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y
JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

NEW YORK OFFICE:

No. 160 Fulton Street.

EDGAR FORMAN, Agent.

FIRE INSURANCE,

With Participation in the Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, No. 114 Broadway,

Branch Office, No. 10 COOPER INSTITUTE, 3d AVE

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL $500,000
SURPLUS 221,468
CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, MAY 1, 186 $721,468 50.

INSURES PROPERTY AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE at usual rates, and returns Fifty per cent. of the net Profits, each year, to the Assured.

Policies issued and Losses paid at the office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities of the United States.

W. OTIS, President.
R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.
E. F. MASON, Sup't. Agencies.

DE GARMO'S DANCING ACADEMY

30 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET.

OPEN WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Ladies at 2, Misses and Masters at 4 P. M. Evening Classes at 8.

I shall introduce to my pupils the present season *German Cotillon* and the *Quadrille Francais*, as danced in my presence the past summer at Paris and Dieppe.

Having had the honor to be elected Corresponding Member of the Société Académique des Professeurs de Danse de Paris, Artistes du Théâtre Impérial de l'Opera, all new dances emanating from the Society will be forwarded to me as soon as produced.

Circulars at Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s, 547 Broadway; J. Wyatt's, 3 and 10 Cooper Institute, and at the Academy

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

George Wood.....Manager.

GRAND HOLIDAY COMBINATION.

UNPRECEDENTED IN ATTRACTIVENESS.

MOSES

AND

SAM,

THE SAME EVENING.

MONDAY, Dec. 25, and Every Evening. In compliance with most pressing solicitations from many old and valued friends combined with numerous applications at the Box office, MY.

CHANFRAU,

has consented to appear in his world renowned character of

MOSE,

preceded by DeWalden's successful comedy of

SAM,

now in the fourteenth week of its unprecedented run, and most positively the last week but one of its production.

CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON,

commencing at 1½ o'clock, a grand performance of

SAM.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

☞ This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

Open at half-past seven; Begin at eight.

SATURDAY, SIXTH TIME,

DREAMS OF DELUSION, AND A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

MONDAY, (CHRISTMAS,)

A programme of novelty and variety,

DREAMS OF DELUSION, AND RURAL FELICITY,

In which pieces almost every member of the company appear.

TUESDAY—SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

WEDNESDAY—LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Mr. Wallack has received from London, a play by Mr. TOM TAYLOR, founded on Miss Braddon's celebrated work, known here as "The Outcasts," to be entitled:

HENRY DUNBAR,

which will be soon produced with new scenery, music, etc., and a great cast.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

Doors open at 7½. Begins at 7¾.

This SATURDAY Evening, Dec 25th, 1868, for the last time will be presented the great Irish Drama by Dion Boucicault and E. H. House, entitled

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,

APPROPRIATE COSTUMES,

BRILLIANT TABLEAUX,

ORIGINAL MUSIC,

AND

GREAT CAST.

MONDAY, Dec 28,

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN

as

MIAMI,

in

GREEN BUSHES.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.

14th st, opp. Academy of Music.

L. B. LENT.....Manager.

☞ This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

BRILLIANT HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS!

MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½!

MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½!

EVERY NIGHT AT 8,

EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2½!

The Champion Bareback Rider,

MR JAMES ROBINSON,

and the full strength of the

UNEQUALLED EQUESTRIAN TROUPE,

will appear in a magnificent selection of

EXCITING SCENES IN THE CIRCLE.

THREE PERFORMANCES ON CHRISTMAS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Directress.....Mrs. John Wood

Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

the Great Spectacular Romance,

MONTE CRISTO,

with the eminent and favorite artist,

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT.

together with the

GORGEOUS SCENERY, DELIGHTFUL MUSIC,

AND POWERFUL CAST,

will be repeated every evening

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Doors open at 7½. Curtain rises precisely a quarter to 8, Seats can be secured three days in advance.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

GRAND BILL COMMENCES WEEK,

MONDAY EVENING, Dec 28,

being the

SIXTEENTH

and

LAST WEEK,

of his brilliant engagement, will appear in

THREE GLORIOUS COMIC CHARACTERS.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26,

A CHANGE OF BILL.

Mr. CLARKE in three

DIFFERENT COMIC CHARACTERS.

WEDNESDAY,

Shakspeare's most Humorous creation,

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS,

and

ROBERT MACAIRE.

LUCY RUSHTON'S

NEW YORK THEATRE,

Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, opposite the New-York Hotel.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....Miss Lucy Rushton.

The above elegant theatre, which has been built in

THE SHORT SPACE OF SIXTEEN DAYS,

will be thrown open to the public

On SATURDAY EVENING, Dec 26,

with

A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY

of

NEW YORK FAVORITES.

Miss Rushton has the honor to inform the public of New York that she will open her theatre with Sheridan's sterling comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

with the following

POWERFUL CAST:

SIR PETER TEAZLE	MR. C. M. WALCOT
SIR OLIVER SURFACE	MR. HARRY PIERSON
JOSEPH SURFACE	J. K. MORTIMER
CHARLES SURFACE	D. W. WALLER
CRABTREE	T. PLACIDE
MOSES	J. MOORE
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE	W. A. MENTAYER
ROWLEY	H. CUNNINGHAM
CARELESS	W. S. HIGGINS
SNAKE	T. C. GOURLAY
TRIP	MR. RAYEUX
SIR HARRY	MR. JONES
SIR TOBY	THOMPSON
LADY TEAZLE	MISS LUCY RUSHTON
MRS. CANDOR	MRS. CLARA MAEDER
LADY SNEERWELL	MRS. MARK SMITH
MARIA	MRS. A. W. YOUNG

The Orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. H. Tisington.

The scenery is by Messrs. Wallack, Thorne, Hilliard, Jr., and assistants.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Parquet	Seventy-five cents
Orchestra Chairs	One Dollar and Fifty cents
Dress Circle	Fifty cents
Balcony Private Boxes	Five, Six, and Seven Dollars
Private Boxes	Ten Dollars

Doors open at 7½. Performances to commence at 7¾.

Acting Manager and Treasurer.....Mr. H. H. Davis

Box Office open from 8 a. m. till 5 p. m.

Seats secured six days in advance.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets,

THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE the NEW YORK HERALD.

HOLIDAY WEEK. HOLIDAY WEEK.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

GRAND FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES.

Nearly every hour Day and Evening.

CIRCUS TROUPE and THOROUGHBRED HORSES.

TRICK PONY "WILD BILL."

A GALAXY of EQUESTRIAN STARS

in NEW and DASHING ACTS of HORSEMANSHIP.

Previous to Circus the Fairy Spectacle

DWANGEE THE ARAB,

or the FAIRY GUARDIAN of the MAGIC WELL.

NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES and EFFECTS.

by the

TALENTED DRAMATIC COMPANY.

W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer

MAJOR COLVIN, aged 11 years, 19 inches high, and weighing only 12 pounds.

GEN. GRANT, JR., aged 14, 23 in. high, 18 lbs.

THE MINIATURE LADY—MISS LIZZIE READ.

THREE OF THE LARGEST GIANTS in the WORLD and prettiest CIRCASSIAN GIRLS ever seen.

BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS.

A STEAM GLASS ENGINE IN MOTION!

John Battersby, LIVING SKELETON, weighing 67 lbs.

His Wife, MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN, 700 lbs.

THREE-HORNED BULL. TWO ALLIGATORS.

Cosmoramas, Colored Eel, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.

Admission, 50 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

GEORGE STECK & CO.

Have been awarded at the late National exhibition of the American Institute, New York, (Oct. 1868),

TWO PRIZES SIMULTANEOUSLY,

THE FIRST GOLD & SILVER MEDALS

for excellence of their

GRAND & SQUARE

PIANOFORTES

Special attention of purchasers is directed to Messrs. Geo. Steck & Co's late invention in

AGRAFFE PIANOS

with a bell-metal plate, which has proved so eminently successful, and so vastly superior to any improvement yet made in the manufactory of Pianos, that many makers have tried to imitate it, but without success.

These fine Pianos have created a great sensation in musical circles, and, in consequence, the following letter was addressed, unsolicited, to Messrs. Geo. Steck & Co., by the

MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS OF NEW YORK.

Messrs. Geo. Steck & Co.:

Gentlemen—We have carefully tested your pianos, both GRAND and SQUARE, and being always ready to appreciate talent and merit, it affords us great pleasure to congratulate you upon the success you have achieved in advancing your instruments to the state of excellence they have reached.

We find in them all qualities combined which constitute a THOROUGHLY PERFECT PIANO, and which make it a pleasant task to play on an instrument.

There can be no doubt, that *they certainly rank among the very best pianos manufactured.* The manner in which, by your late invention, the agraffes are introduced in connection with a plate of bell-metal, is especially calculated to make the quality and strength of the tone of your pianos admirable.

We cheerfully recommend them to the public as most excellent and *first-class instruments.*

New York, September, 1868.

Theodore Thomas,	Max Maretzek,	Carl Anschutz,
Geo. W. Morgan,	S. B. Mills,	Jul. Schubert,
W. Mason,	Carl Wolfsohn,	A. Pease,
Henry C. Timm,	Carl Bergmann,	Wm. Berge,
J. N. Pattison,	P. Von Bruening,	A. Davis,
Theodore Hagen,	Theo. Moelling,	C. Demath,
George Matzka,	Charles Wels,	Chas. Fradel
Fr. Brandeis,	Wm. Pecher,	H. Perabeau,

Similar congratulatory letters have been received from most every artist in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other parts of the country, thus proving conclusive, that there is

EVERY REASON FOR PURCHASING A STECK PIANO.

in preference to all others.

Every Instrument warranted for five years.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS.

SALESROOMS,

113 & 115 WALKER STREET

NEW YORK.

Special Gold Medal.

(*From Watson's Weekly Art Journal.*)

AWARDS TO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A Gold Medal was awarded at the late Fair of the American Institute, to CARHART, NEEDHAM & Co., for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial

"They are an exceedingly good substitute for an Organ, and I can speak of them in the highest terms."

GEO. W. MORGAN.

"I have found them to be the *finest instruments of the class I ever saw.*"

GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"They are entitled to be ranked as the *first* and *best* among instruments of their class."

WM. A. KING.

"*The tone is incomparable*, and they are *far in advance* of any other instrument of a similar kind."

CHARLES FRADEL.

THE PARLOR ORGAN.

with the recent improvements of Mr. J. Carhart, is without exception *far superior* in

QUALITY,

POWER

SWEETNESS,

VARIETY and

EXPRESSION

OF TONE,

DURABILITY OF

CONSTRUCTION,

ELEGANCE OF CASE.

POSSESSING

IMPROVEMENTS

APPLIED

BY US ONLY.

A Descriptive Catalogue and Price List sent by mail.

CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO.

No. 97 East Twenty-third St., New York.

MISS LOUISE GERARD,

PIANO AND LANGUAGES,

181 East 41st Street.